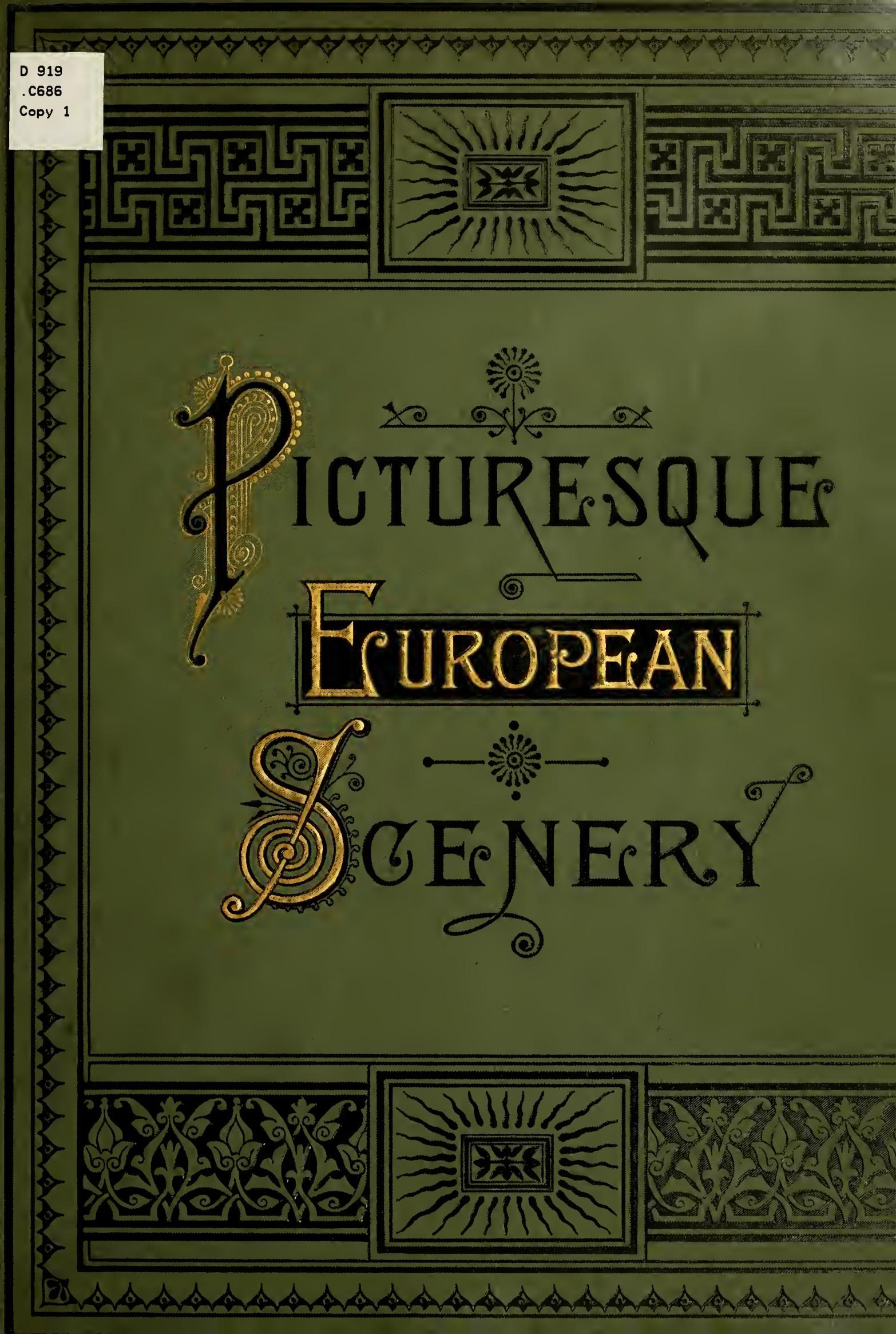


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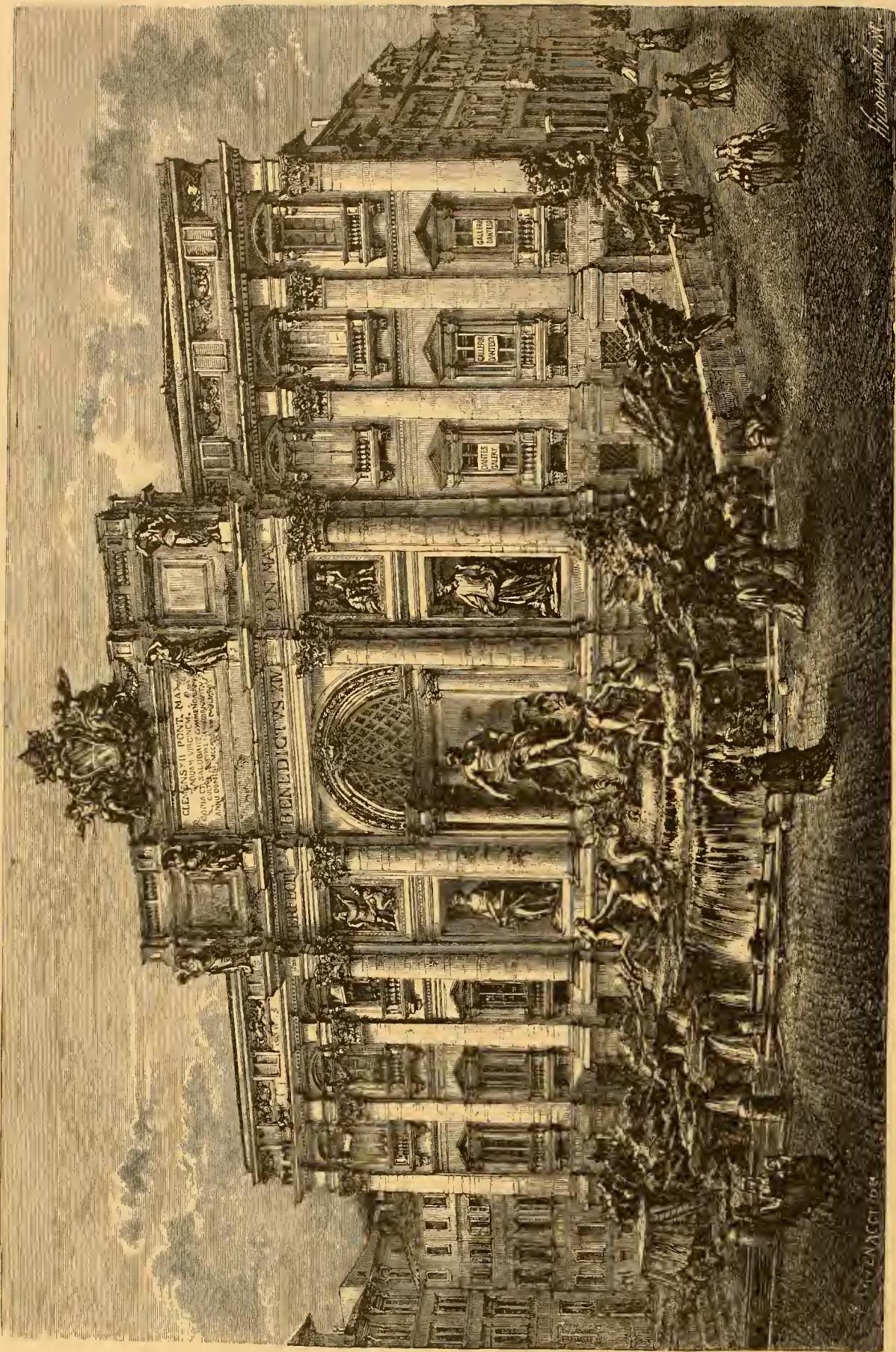
PICTURESQUE EUROPEAN SCENERY

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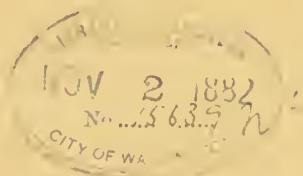
PICTURESQUE EUROPEAN SCENERY.

*A SERIES OF VIEWS OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND STRIKING
LANDSCAPES OF THE OLD WORLD.*

By LEO DE COLANGE, LL.D.

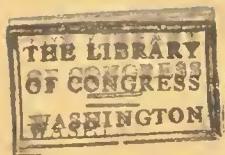
WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ, DE NEUVILLE, FRANÇAIS, CLERGET, DAUBIGNY, AND OTHERS.



BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIAT, PUBLISHERS.

1883.



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GREAT BRITAIN.

PERHAPS no country in the world offers to the lover of the picturesque a more enchanting variety of natural loveliness and architectural grandeur than does this favored land. It is a very *embarras de richesses*, and since selection must be made, we find ourselves almost at a loss to know what to describe and what to omit.

Two thoughts, however, will guide us, and two aims will present themselves as desirable: one, to describe scenes and regions out of the usual line

of travel, and somewhat unfamiliar to the pen and pencil; the other, to lay before our readers as much variety as possible in the pictures we present to them, so that, in some degree, we may exhibit the multiform scenes and objects of interest which make Great Britain so attractive both to the lover of nature and the student of art.

We shall begin with the south shore of England,—the sea-coast of Devon and the county of Cornwall. The rugged coasts are composed mainly of the older rocks; igneous action is everywhere manifested, and in many

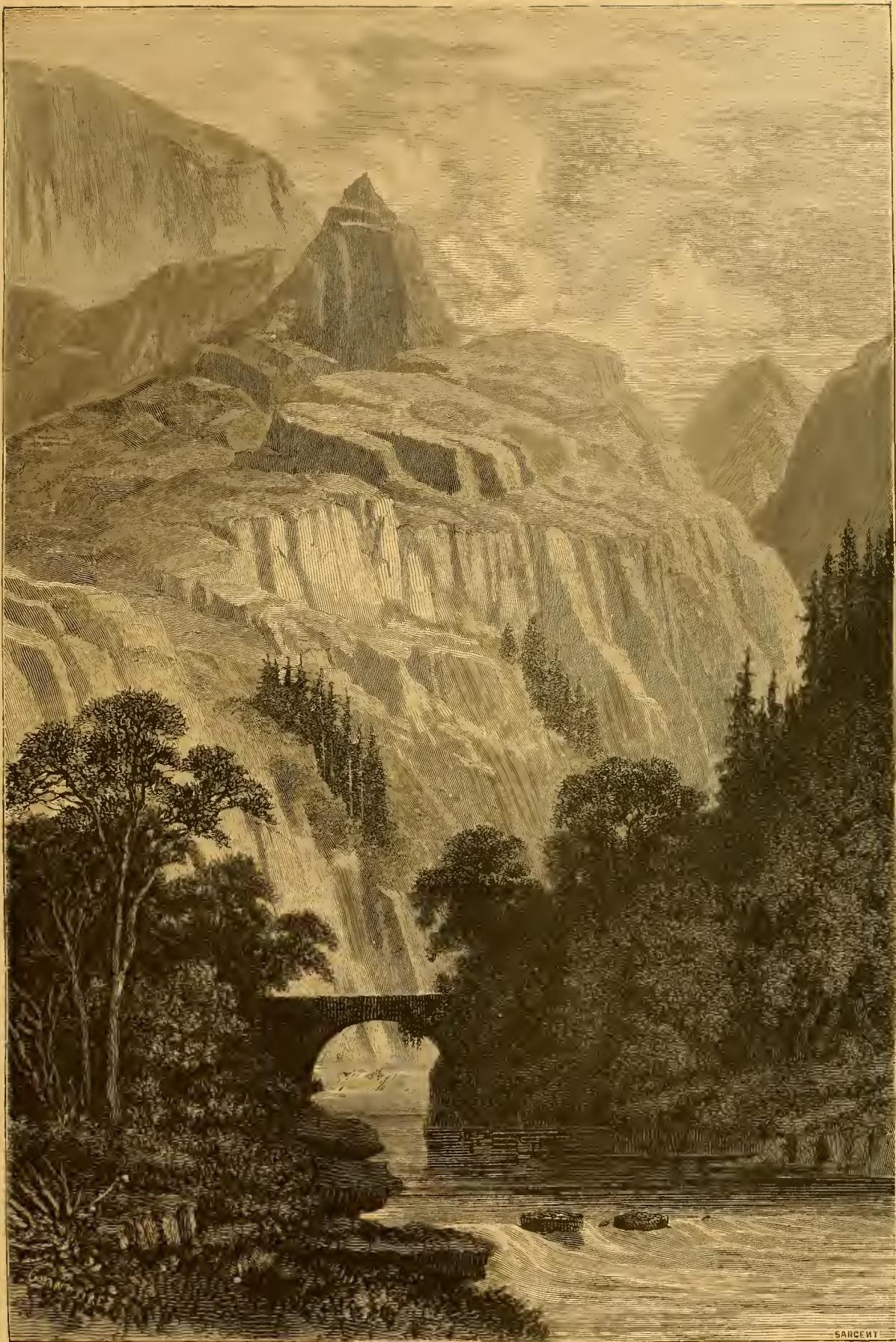


TEIGNMOUTH.

places the strata are twisted and contorted in a manner defying all description. The variety of climate in these counties is remarkable; sheltered nooks on the south coast enjoying a mild and equable temperature, while wide moors of more elevated position are drenched with mist, and swept by the fierce Atlantic storms. The salt of the sea is often borne across the country by the tempest, and after heavy winds produces a noticeable effect upon vegetation. Rain is also extremely frequent, as is shown in the popular Cornish adage that the supply for the county is “a shower every week-day and two on Sundays.”

One of the finest situations on the Devon sea-coast is Teignmouth, the home of W. M. Praed, the poet, and now one of the finest of the summer watering-places in the county.

A few miles south lies Dartmouth, an extremely old town, of great interest to the traveller. It is built in terraces on the shore of a beautiful land-



PONT ABERGLASLYN.

SARCENT

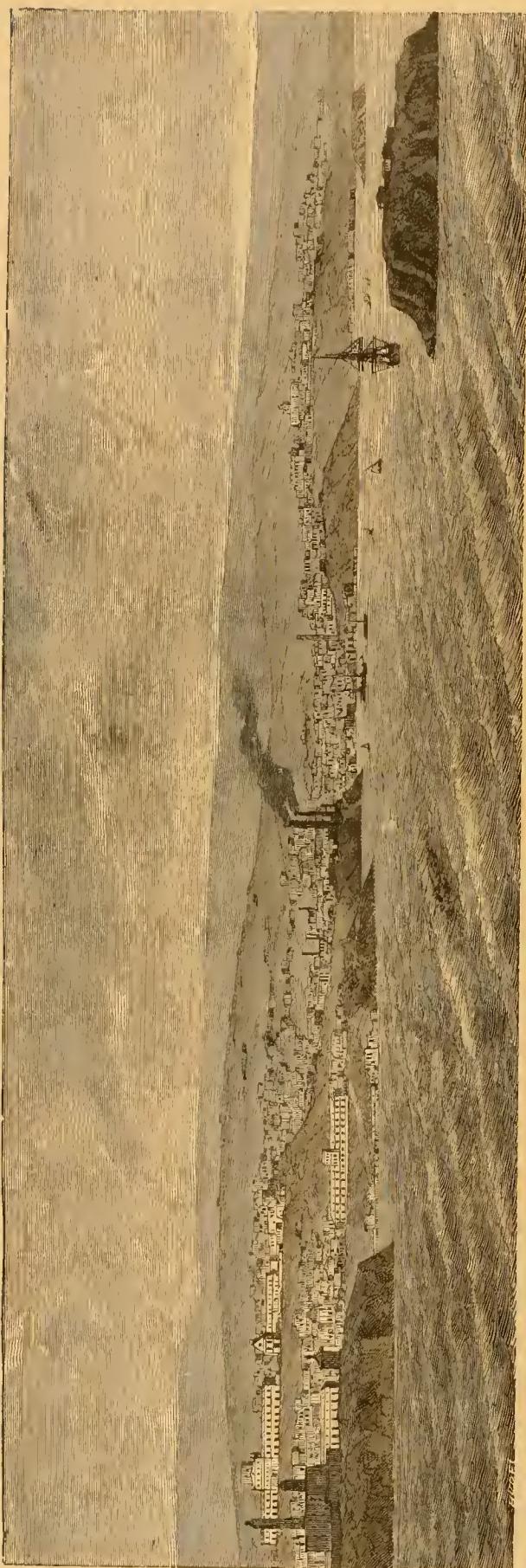
locked harbor opening to the sea by a narrow channel, and encompassed by steeply-shelving rocks. In the time of Edward III. it was a port of so much consequence that it furnished thirty-one ships to the fleet which was to besiege Calais. At a more recent period it was from Dartmouth that the adventurers set forth who first visited Newfoundland and established its important fisheries. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born near here, and Davis, the bold seaman who discovered the Straits to which he gave his name. At a still earlier date (1190) Dartmouth harbor was the place of rendezvous where Richard Cœur-de-Lion gathered his crusading fleet; while many old towers and forts on the shore or on the heights of Dartmouth tell of the civil wars of England in which the town bore a part.



DARTMOUTH.

The most important of the seaport towns of Devon is, however, Plymouth, which, with its sister towns, Stonehouse and Devonport, forms both a great focus of trade and a war-station of the first importance. Its history runs back to the time of Henry II. From this port, Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish sailed to find fame—if not fortune—in a new world; from this, the last spot of English ground their feet had trodden, the Pilgrim Fathers named the colony they founded beyond the seas; Captain Cook sailed from Plymouth in 1768, and again in 1772. In 1861 the three towns had a joint population of about one hundred and twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, which has no doubt considerably increased since that time.

Plymouth Hoe (the rising ground covered with buildings at the right in the illustration) is one of the most beautiful promenades in the kingdom. It is a high ridge of land constituting the sea-front of Plymouth. The view from it is of great variety and beauty, and the traveller, as he looks across the



PLYMOUTH.

level waters of the open ocean, is interested to remember heroes of the past who have also made Plymouth Hoe a look-out. This was the point of the English coast whence the Armada was first discerned, and tradition asserts that Sir Francis Drake and the other captains were playing bowls here when the news of the great fleet's approach was brought to them; in memory whereof it was long the custom for the mayor and corporation of Plymouth, on the anniversary of that day, to wear their scarlet, and to entertain their visitors with cake and wine.

From this terrace it was that Smeaton, in 1758 and later, used to watch for the safety of his light-house, built on the Eddystone Rock, fourteen miles out to sea. "After a rough night," says Smiles, "his sole thought was of his light-house. There were many who still persisted in asserting that no building erected of stone could possibly stand upon the Eddystone; and again and again the engineer, in the dim gray of the morning, would come out and peer through his telescope at his deep-sea lamp-post. Sometimes he had to wait long until he could see a tall white pillar of spray shoot up into the air. Thank God, it was still safe!"

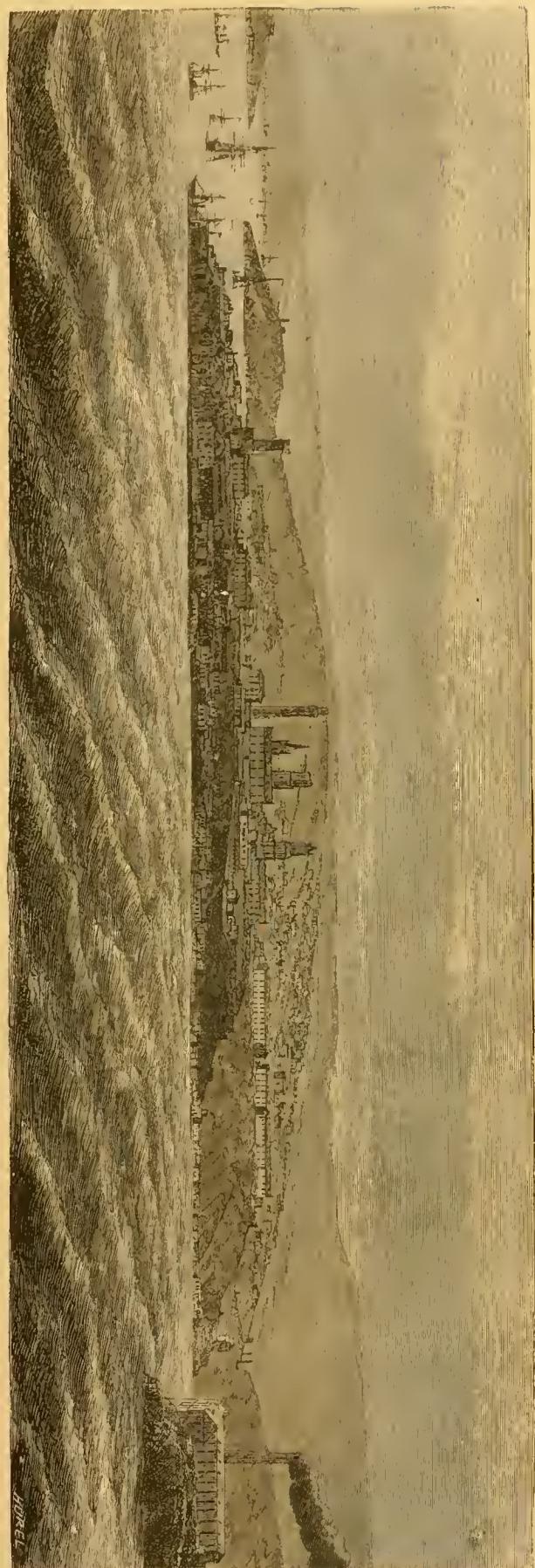
Besides the Eddystone light, the observer who looks off across the Sound to the open sea will observe another



BOTALLACK MINE.

light-house, at the extremity of a great stone bar lying across the opening of the Sound, the famous Plymouth breakwater built 1812-1845, at a cost of a million and a half pounds sterling. The entire length of this breakwater is about a mile; its width at base varies from three hundred to four hundred feet, diminishing to fifty at its top; and its total depth varies, with the irregularity of the level on which it rests, from forty to eighty feet.

In the illustration representing Devonport will be remarked on the left a broad sheet of water, extending back as far as Saltash, whose houses are faintly discernible, a low line along the foot of a hill. This land-locked sheet is the Hamoaze, where English vessels of war lie "in ordinary," — a curious technicality, which indicates a "laid aside till wanted" condition. To enter upon this condition implies that guns and ammunition are removed, top-masts, sails, and rigging taken off, the sailors and marines dismissed, the officers ordered away, and the huge, dismantled ship placed in charge of a single officer and a handful of men, who live on board. The appearance of these ships is odd enough; their lightened condition bringing them far up out of water, and their long ranges of empty port-holes looming grimly, like the windows of a deserted house.



The column rising in the centre of the town is a fluted Doric pillar, a hundred and twenty-five feet in height, erected in 1824, to commemorate the change of name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport. The great dock-yard, built in the time of William III., has now come to be one of the finest arsenals in the world, affording employment, in time of peace, to three thousand people, and covering an extent of ninety-six acres of ground.

Sixteen miles north of Plymouth is Tavistock on the little river Tavy, a branch of the Tamar, the boundary between Devon and Cornwall. The town is the centre of a mining district whose operations are carried on close up to its houses, while a couple of large iron foundries add to the local industry. Its early importance was due to a magnificent Benedictine abbey,



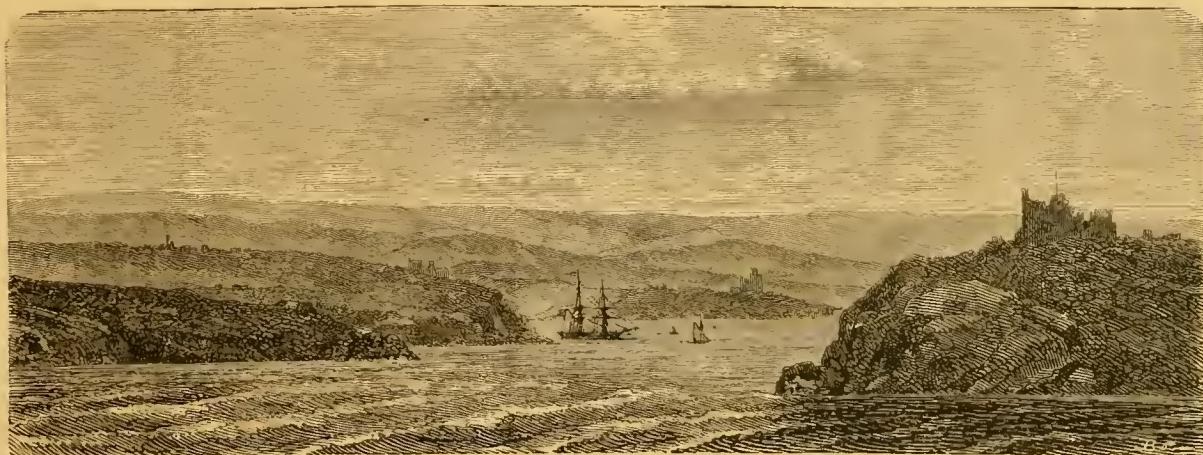
TAVISTOCK.

founded a century before the Norman Conquest, by a Saxon earl, or "Ealdorman," of Devonshire, who by his great wealth ruled the country far and wide. This abbey, still in its highest splendor, was broken up by Henry VIII., and its revenues conferred upon Lord John Russell, whose descendant, the Duke of Bedford, is the present owner of the site. But little remains

of the ancient buildings, yet enough to show how extensive was the early structure.

Of later date is the great church of St. Eustache, whose tower is shown in our picture. At its base this tower is pierced by arches on all four sides, so that it is really separated from the building, and is a campanile.

Returning to Plymouth, we give a last look at Devon, and, crossing the Tamar, are in Cornwall, "the land of Pol, and Tre, and Pen." And first is Fowey, the old seaport, which once ranked with Plymouth and Dartmouth. The harbor is still famous, admitting vessels of large size at all times of the tide. On each shore are the ruins of square forts built in the time of Edward IV., which once supported the ends of the great chain that barred the harbor. On the cliffs, high above the water (see illustration below), are the ruins of St. Catherine's Fort, erected by the townspeople in the reign of Henry VIII.; and on the left is a windmill, referred to in chronicles of 1296 as a well-known sea-mark, built, it is believed, by some returned crusader, the use of windmills being, as is well known, introduced into England from Palestine.

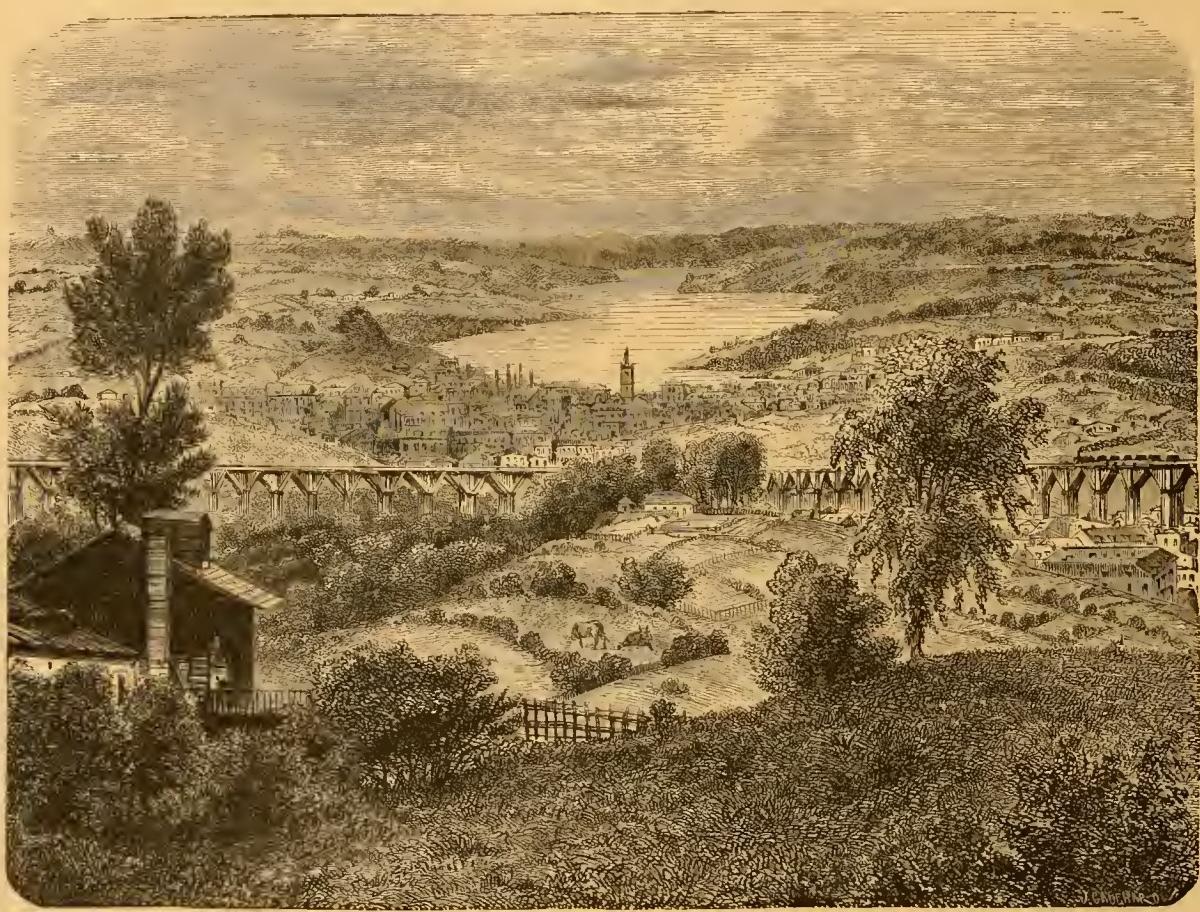


FOWEY.

Five miles inland from Fowey runs the Cornwall railway, on its road from Plymouth to Truro, and then the West Cornwall road goes on to Penzance, within ten miles of Land's End.

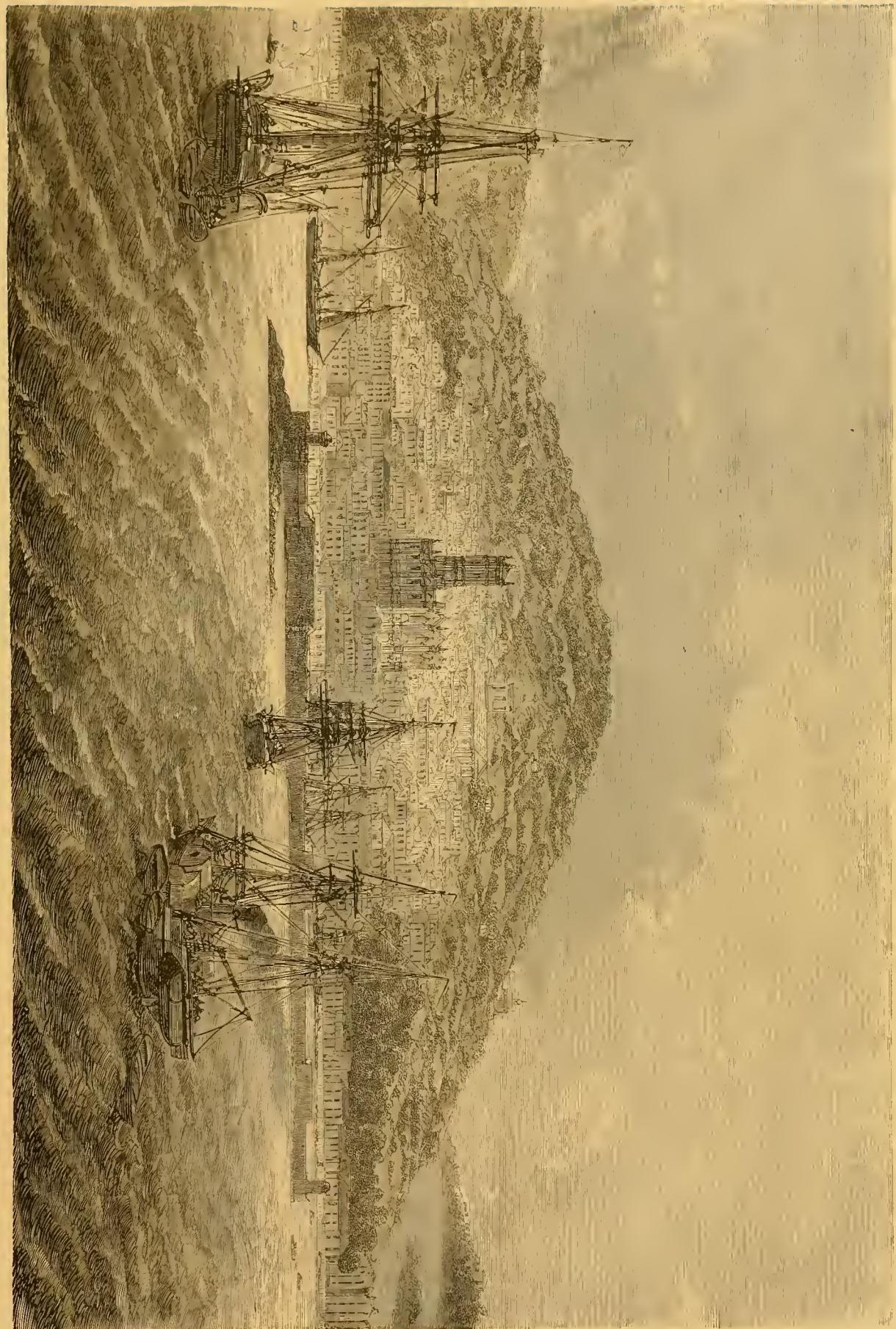
In the neighborhood of Truro are the ruins of St. Piran's Church, perhaps the oldest Christian edifice in England, built, it is believed, in the fifth century, submerged by sand about three hundred years later, and revealed by the sand again shifting in 1835. Nothing can be imagined more primitive than this little structure, which is but twenty-nine feet long and

sixteen and a half in breadth. The masonry is of the rudest description, and affords a striking proof of the antiquity of the church. No lime has been used by the builder, but china-clay—a product of the neighborhood—and sand employed instead; and in this the stones are imbedded without regard to order, consisting of blocks of slate and granite, some rough, others rounded like big pebbles. The invasion of the sand is a peculiarity of this part of the Cornish coast, and has desolated it for miles, sometimes with an accumulation of several feet in a single night.



TRURO.

The railway, whose viaduct is seen in the foreground of the illustration given here, is a short branch of the Cornwall, leading from Truro to Falmouth, and coming out near Pendennis Castle, the famous old fort which is seen (page 15) crowning the hillock in the centre of the picture. Falmouth itself is but a little town of about six thousand inhabitants, consisting mainly of a long narrow street, straggling along the water's edge, but its surroundings give it great distinction. The winding shores of its harbor are well known to the landscape-painter, and the haven itself "is very notable and



PENZANCE.

famous," says Leland; while Carew asserts that "a hundred sail of vessels may anchor in it, and not one see the masts of another." Its entrance, defended by Pendennis Castle on the one side and St. Mawes on the other, is about a mile wide, and within, the harbor expands into a broad smooth basin, extending inland four miles to the mouth of the Truro River.

An interesting association connects Falmouth with Sir Walter Raleigh,—in fact, the town may be said to owe its existence to the great navigator. On his return from Guiana Sir Walter visited the harbor, and found but one solitary house, in addition to an ancient manor of the Killigrew family, standing on the site of the present town. Filled with admiration at the advantages of this remarkable estuary, he represented its importance to the Queen and her council, and a settlement was at once made there, which, after being known first as Smithike, and then as Penny-come-quick (evidently a corruption of the Cornish words Pen, Combe, and Ick), in 1660 received, by royal proclamation, its name of Falmouth, and the following year was invested by charter with the rights and dignities of a corporate town.

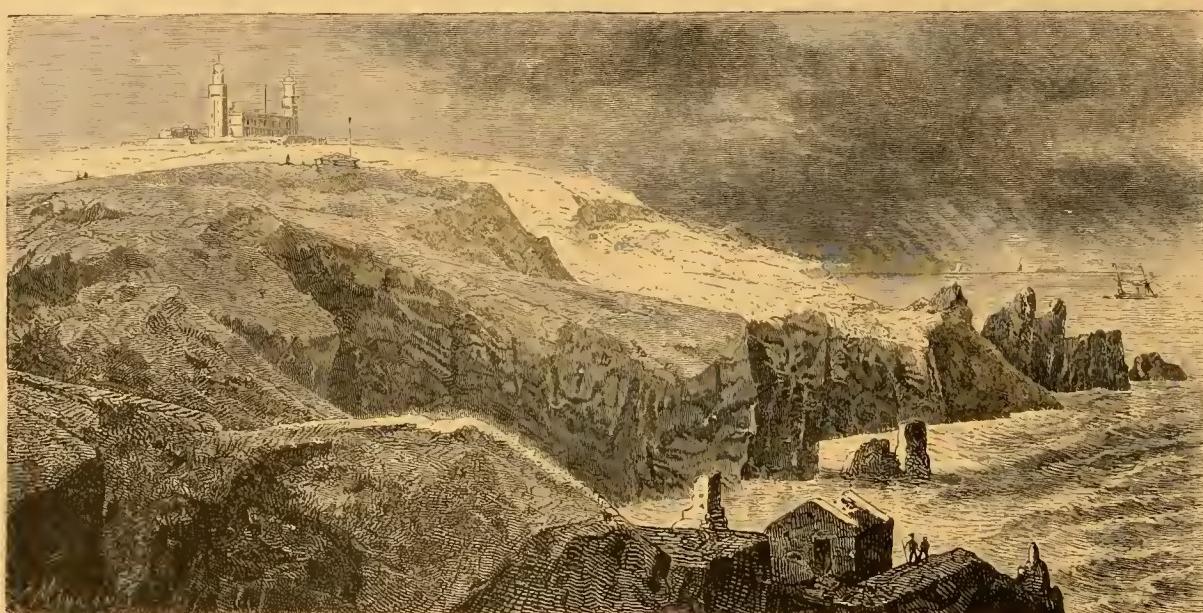
Pendennis Castle, however, is of older date, being built in the time of Henry VIII., and having enjoyed the

FALMOUTH.



distinction of standing out for King Charles longer than any other fort in England.

South of Falmouth, and nearly cut off from the mainland by the little river Helford, is the district of the Lizard, sometimes called the Cornish Chersonese. Its greatest length and breadth does not exceed ten miles each way, and the promontory narrows at last to a sharp tip known as Lizard Point, the most southerly point of England. The geologic peculiarity of this region is the presence of a large area of serpentine, a rare and beautiful rock, dark-green, reddish, and streaked, suggestive of a lizard's skin, and probably giving, by this appearance, the name to the district and the cape. It makes a barren soil, but one favorable to the growth of the *Erica vagans*, the rarest

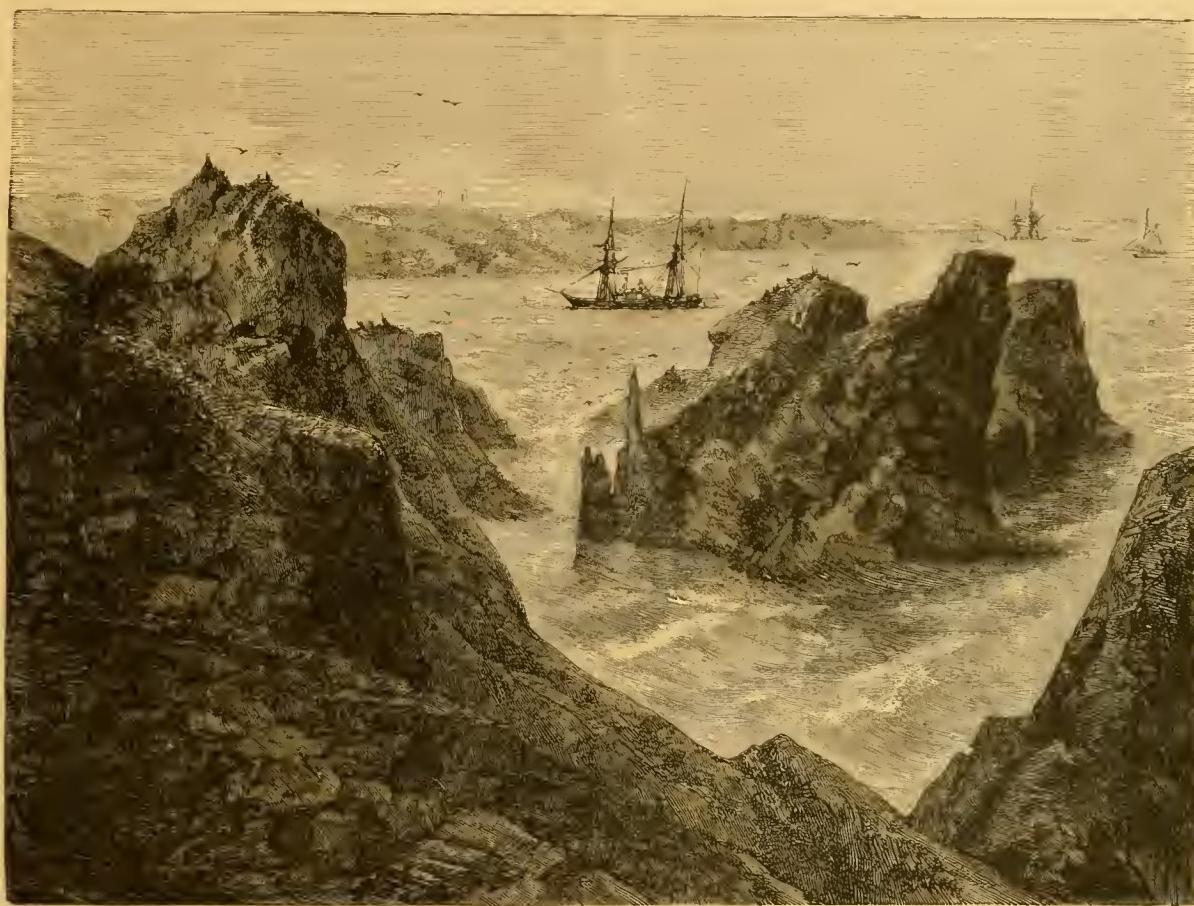


LIZARD POINT.

and most beautiful of the English heaths. It is a singular fact that this heath grows nowhere else but in a small region on the west coast of Portugal; and the same is true of the *Sibthorpia Europaea*, another Cornish plant of the moneywort family.

The Lizard serpentine is used in the construction of cottages in all the region where it abounds, and has also, of late years, become quite an article of trade, families of stone-cutters and lapidaries having established themselves in all directions, and converted into a thousand elegant trifles this really beautiful and curious rock. Vases and cups, paper-weights, even bracelets and small ornaments, are made of it and offered for sale to tourists, and have made fine show at all the successive Expositions, ever since that of 1862 in London.

Two miles west of the point is the famous Kynance Cove, one of the wonders of the Cornish coast. A steep descent leads down to the shore, among wild rocks that are grouped as if by a painter's hand, and with their dark and varied colors contrast exquisitely with the light tints of the sandy beach and the changeful azure of the sea. The predominant color of the serpentine is an olive green, diversified by veins of red and purple, while the



KYNANCE COVE.

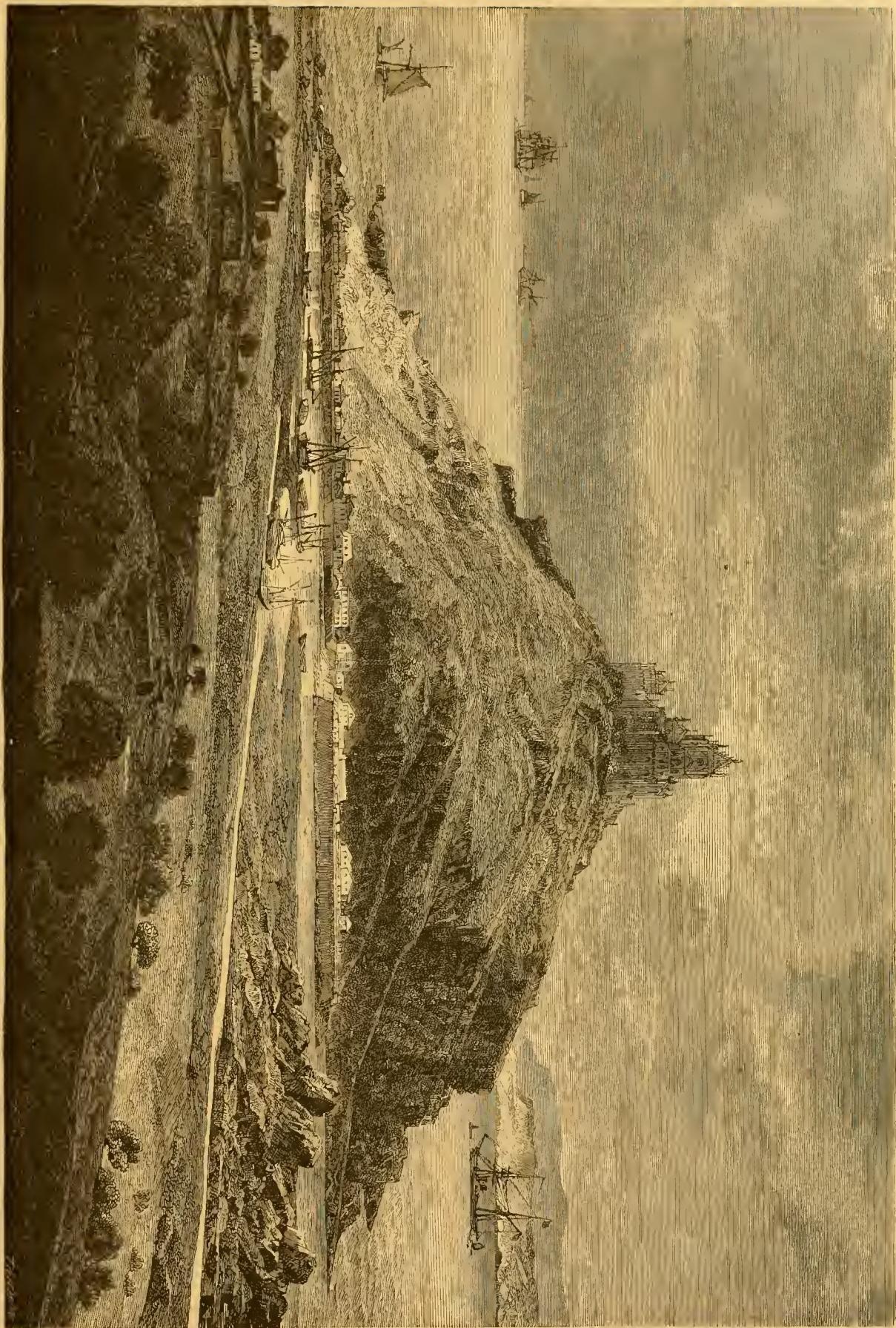
rocks are incrusted with yellow lichen and cut by seams of dull white steatite. The ragged rocks are pierced by caverns which the waves have worn down to the smoothest polish, and the beach is strewn with pebbles, which, when they are wet, have almost the brilliancy of the precious stones. In the centre of the cove rises a pyramidal rocky mass, insulated at high water, and known as Asparagus Island, from the wild luxuriance of that useful plant. This rock is pierced by a deep chasm, from which, at certain states of the tide, a column of water is violently projected high into the air. Three of the largest caverns on the mainland are named the Parlor, the Dining-Room, and the Kitchen, and every point has its legend and its superstition.

Penzance (see page 13) is a clean and handsome town, laid out with regularity. The quays along the sea form an enchanting promenade, and it has a background of gardens rising behind it to the summit of the hill. Its principal public buildings are the Town Hall, a granite structure with a dome, and St. Paul's Chapel, also of granite, built in 1835. But the antiquities of Penzance are its people. They are all that remain in England of the ancient Celtic family which once peopled it, their type distinctly joining to the Celtic or Breton race, with its dark hair, gray eyes, and dark, colorless complexion. Until within a century, the Cornish language, which belongs to the Cymric division of the Celtic, was yet spoken among the fishwomen of Penzance, and now lingers everywhere in the names of lake, and hill, and town, with their Cornish prefixes, Pol, Pen, and Tre.

The mild climate of Penzance renders it not only the flower-garden, but also the vegetable-garden of the south coast, and its early potatoes and cauliflower, and other edibles of this sort, are in great demand in the large cities. Its fisheries, however, furnish its chief revenue, and are carried on upon an immense scale. The Cornish fisherman pursues his work all the year round, with drift-net, seine, and hook and line: mackerel and pilchards are the objects of the first method of pursuit; pilchards alone of the second; and hake, cod, and whiting of the third. About the end of January comes the early mackerel fishing; late in July comes the summer pilchard season; in October is the autumnal mackerel fishing, and from that time till December, the winter pursuit of the pilchard. Between whiles the Cornishman goes over to Ireland after herring, or follows the retreating shoals down the Channel.

Of these fisheries, that for the pilchard is most entertaining to the stranger. It is a very small fish, much like the herring, and comes in such shoals as actually to impede the passage of vessels, and discolor the water as far as the eye can reach. The sight of this countless fish army coming upon the coast is one of the most interesting and remarkable that can be imagined. In a single day twelve million of them have been captured, and their number not perceptibly reduced. The drift-net fishing is pursued by night at a distance of some miles from land. The method adopted is to stretch a string of nets like a wall through the sea, for the length of half or three quarters of a mile, and a depth of thirty feet, and allow them to drift with the tide, so intercepting the pilchards as they swim, and entangling them by the gills. In this way a single boat will take fifty thousand fish in a

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.



night. The chief obstacles to this mode of fishing are the moonlight and the phosphorescence of the water. The latter sometimes enables the fisherman to see his net to its full extent, like a brilliant lacework of fire, and shows it, too, to the fish, which, alarmed by the light, diverge to right and left, and escape the snare.

When brought to land, the fish are taken in charge by girls and women, cured, cleansed, packed, squeezed to obtain their oil, then headed up in hogsheads and exported to Naples and other Italian and Spanish ports, where



PILCHARD FISH.

they furnish a large part of the food of the poorer classes. These fishwomen make a class by themselves in Penzance, and have their stalls under the Town Hall. In 1861 the mistress of these fishwomen, then eighty-four years old, went on foot to London, where she was presented to the Queen.

Nearly due east from Penzance, across the bay, lies St. Michael's Mount, connected with the mainland by a causeway four hundred yards long, which lies under water eight hours out of the twelve. Crossing at low tide, the traveller will find himself in a little fishing village with a good harbor, whence leads up a rocky path to the Castle, a hundred and ninety-five feet above the sea-level.

The great charm of St. Michael's Mount (see page 19) is its wonderful beauty of situation, and all the old historic and poetic interest that clings about it. This is Milton's "great vision of the guarded mount," which

"Looks toward Namancos and Bayonna's hold,"

and its kinship with St. Michael's Mount in Normandy is strangely poetic and interesting.

Its old Cornish name signified "The Gray Rock in the Wood," and seems to favor a tradition that at an early period the mount was covered with a forest, and situated at some distance inland. Edward the Confessor, seeing in it a sort of miniature of St. Michael's across the channel, made a gift of it to the Norman monastery, the great Benedictine House of St. Michael, "*in periculo maris*." Both mounts were fortresses as well as religious houses, and contained garrisons as well as convents; and to both appertain traditions of extensive lands and forests submerged by the sea. The Cornish castle has been the scene of many attacks, and, more than once, has been taken by strategy; its last appearance in history is during the Parliamentary wars, when it was reduced by Colonel Hammond, one of Cromwell's officers.

What now remains of the old castle is chiefly the hall and the chapel. The former was the refectory of the monks, and has at the upper end of the room the royal escutcheon and the date, 1660. The chapel has a fine tower, the most ancient portion of the building and the loftiest. Its summit is two hundred and fifty feet above the sands, and the lantern surmounting it is popularly called St. Michael's Chair, since it will just allow space for one person to sit down. The Cornish legend which attaches to the well of St. Keyne, and is made familiar to every school-boy by Southey's poem, is also told of this lantern, and many a fair married traveller, it is said, will venture upon the somewhat perilous feat, in the hope of securing that domestic sovereignty so dearly prized by either sex.

From Penzance, along the coast to Land's End, are wonderful formations in granite,—caverns, Druidic monuments, and ever the grand ocean views which give such majesty to the scene. About half-way to Land's End is what is called a cliff castle of great renown, and of antiquity impossible to determine. It is a headland of granite, shaggy with a kind of moss, and weathered into rhomboidal masses, marked in many places with the vivid colors of porphyritic rock. The headland is isolated by an intrenchment of earth and

stones, forming a triple line of defence about fifteen feet high at its outer edge, faced with stones, and having an entrance marked with granite posts. Very many of the Cornish headlands are thus fortified, but a peculiar interest is attached to this one, Treryn Castle, because it contains the famous Logan Stone, a great rock thirty feet in circumference, so delicately poised that a touch will make it vibrate, but so firm that it was the country's boast that no power could dislodge it from its place. Until about fifty years since this vaunt had never been discredited, when a hare-brained young English officer, in command of a revenue vessel, with the assistance of his crew, had the audacity to try—and the bad luck to succeed in the attempt—to throw the Logan Stone over into the water.



LOGAN ROCK.

Loud was the rejoicing of the jolly tars at theirfeat, but short-lived was the young lieutenant's self-congratulation. One united wail of regret and howl of indignation went up from injured Cornwall. Appeal was made to the Admiralty, and an order issued by those in power that the treasure should be fished up again from the sea into which it had been cast, and replaced just where it had stood before. At the expense of a year's work with men and machinery the task was achieved, but the exquisite poise and balance of the Logan Stone was lost, and could never be restored to it again.

Following the coast westward, the traveller comes to Land's End, the Bolerium of the ancients, the most westerly point of England,—a wild, granite headland, forever wet with the Atlantic mists and the spray of the mighty

waves that dash and are broken against it. Its extreme point is not over sixty feet in height, but the cliffs rise around it to a much greater elevation ; and separated from it by the water, but evidently part of the same rocky out-work, are isolated rocks of various and grotesque forms,—the Shark's Fin, the Armed Knight, Dr. Johnson's Head, and others.

In clear weather the Scilly Islands, twenty-seven miles distant, may be distinguished on the western horizon. A tradition exists that these islands were once connected with the mainland by a tract of country called "the Lyonesse," where, according to Tennyson, King Arthur fell, when

"All day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the wintry sea."



LAND'S END.

Spenser makes out this region as a part of fairy land ; but the chroniclers, who go into particulars, tell us that it contained a hundred and forty parish churches, and was swept away by a sudden eruption of the sea.

About a mile back from the extreme point of Land's End is a little inn, which, with rustic humor, the landlord calls the "first and last" inn in England. A tablet on the side towards the sea indicates it as "the first," and another on the landward side as "the last."

Standing on Land's End, and looking northward, the coast-line, curving into Whitesand Bay, ends to the eye with Cape Cornwall, which rises at its extremity into a precipitous cliff two hundred and thirty feet high. On the isthmus connecting this headland with the main line of the coast are the ruins of an old chapel, called "St. Helen's Oratory," and the traveller cannot fail to be impressed with the genuine devotion of the "Ages of Faith,"

who planted a church where we nowadays should establish either a life-saving station, or, mayhap, a shelter of some kind for the adventurous tourist. To the south from Cape Cornwall, nearly off the point of Land's End, is the Longship Light-house, rising from a rocky ledge of granite and slate. This light-house, oddly enough, was a work of private enterprise, and paid toll to its builder for a number of years.

The most interesting mines to visit, and the most productive in all Cornwall, are those close by the sea; and in many cases submarine galleries run out for miles, in which, if the traveller has courage to venture for once where the miners work every day, he will hear above the noise of the engines, when



CAPE CORNWALL.

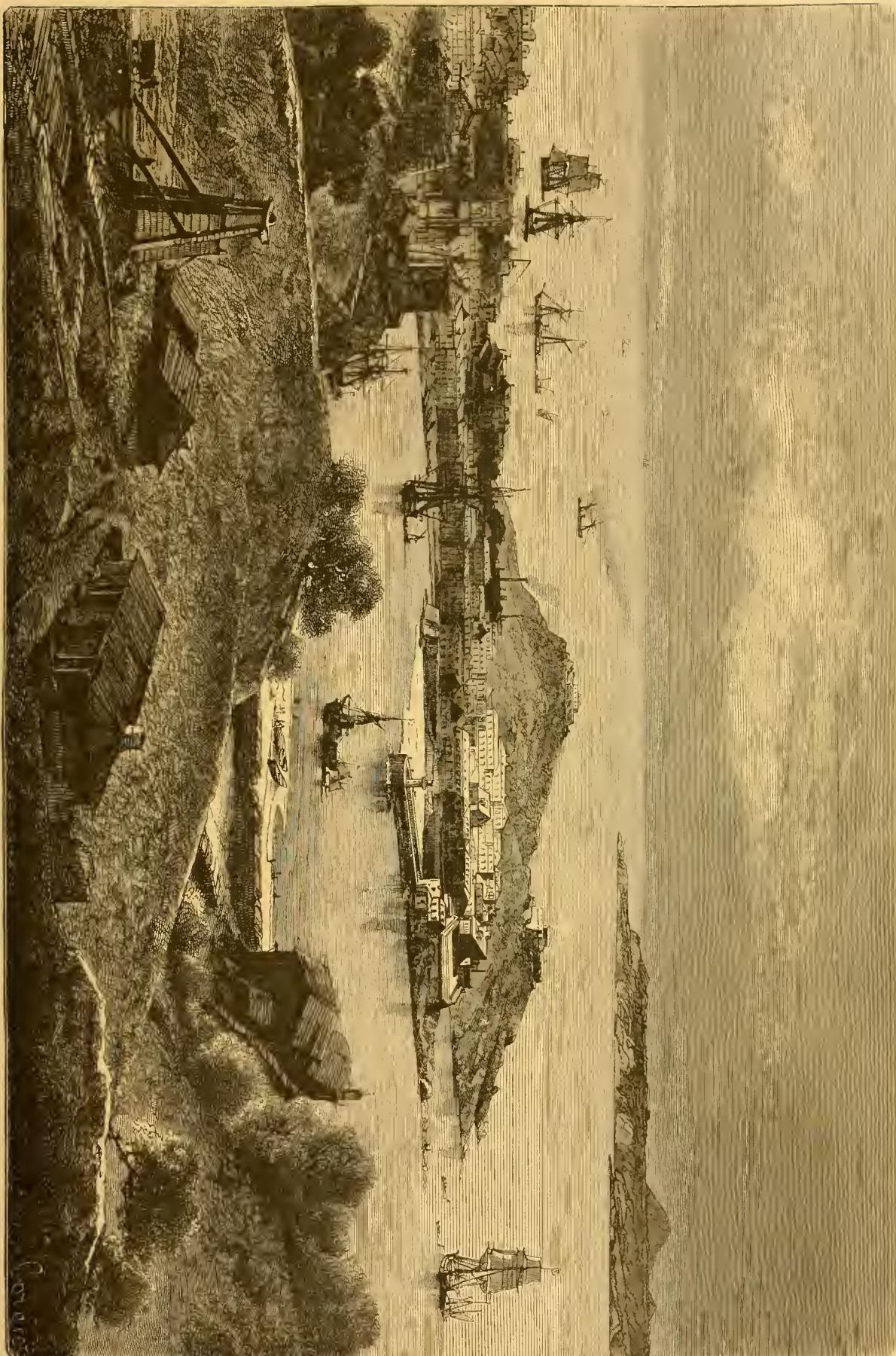
the coast is lashed by the tremendous swell of the Atlantic, the harsh grating of rocks rolling to and fro overhead in the bed of the sea. Not only are the levels driven out under the water; in one instance a shaft was actually sunk through the sea at a distance of seven hundred and twenty feet from the shore. The upper portion of this shaft consisted of a caisson rising twelve feet from the surface of the water, and the pump-rod was carried along a stage or wherry erected upon piles. The miners worked at a depth of a hundred feet below the bay; the water drained through the roof, and the noise of the sea was incessant everywhere. This bold adventure, the only mine ever sunk in the sea, was abandoned after a few years, although it was extremely productive, the expenses of carrying it on being so great as to render it unprofitable.

The Botallack Mine (see page 7) exhibits one of the most impressive combinations of the power of art and the sublimity of nature that can be imagined. The tremendous crags and cliffs of slate that have for ages defied the violence of ocean, are broken up by the operations of the miner, and hung with his complicated machinery. One of the engines which drive the works was lowered two hundred feet over the cliff, to the place it now occupies; another went down a hundred and fifty feet, was drawn up for repairs, and lowered again some years later. A remarkable diagonal shaft was sunk in 1858, running from just above the water's edge, in an oblique direction, out under the sea, and has been worked to great advantage. This shaft is eight feet wide and six feet high, sinking at about five degrees from the horizontal line, and though in some places it is very crooked and the angles are very sharp, the same inclination is maintained throughout its whole length, which is now nearly a half mile.

Leading as they do a life exposed at every hour to the most fearful perils, the Cornish miners are a brave, resolute class of men. They have a certain share in the proceeds of their work, over and above their regular pay, and this cultivates the better qualities largely in them. They are proud of their land and its peculiarities, and as loyal to their own people as when in James II.'s time they were ready to march upon London to demand the release of Trelawney, one of the seven bishops whom the king committed to the Tower, and whose name is immortalized in the ballad,—

“And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.”

And now, having quite rounded the promontory which makes the west point of England, we turn east again, and find the first town of importance, St. Ives, on its beautiful bay, with the wide waters of the open ocean in the distance. The town has a fine pier, built by Smeaton in 1767, and a breakwater was commenced to shut in the bay, but abandoned as too expensive a work. An old church stands close to the beach, and is sprinkled by spray in high winds. There are mines in the immediate neighborhood of the town, and, with the fisheries, they make it an industrious little place. As a picture, St. Ives is the very gem of the western coast, and has been said to resemble a Greek village, with its wonderful coloring of rocks, and sky, and sea.



ST. IVES.

One more glimpse at the coast of Cornwall we will have between Tintagel and Boscastle, leaving behind us the ocean, and entering the scarcely less tumultuous waters of the Bristol Channel. The line of coast of this region is very remarkable and magnificent. The cliffs slope down to the shore in imposing curves, forming inclined planes from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length. They are masses of dark slate varied by white lines, which show, even at a distance, the contortions of the strata.

From Tintagel to Boscastle is about three miles, the intermediate country resembling a natural terrace, bounded on the side towards the sea by the fine cliffs we have observed, and on the inland side by a range of hills.

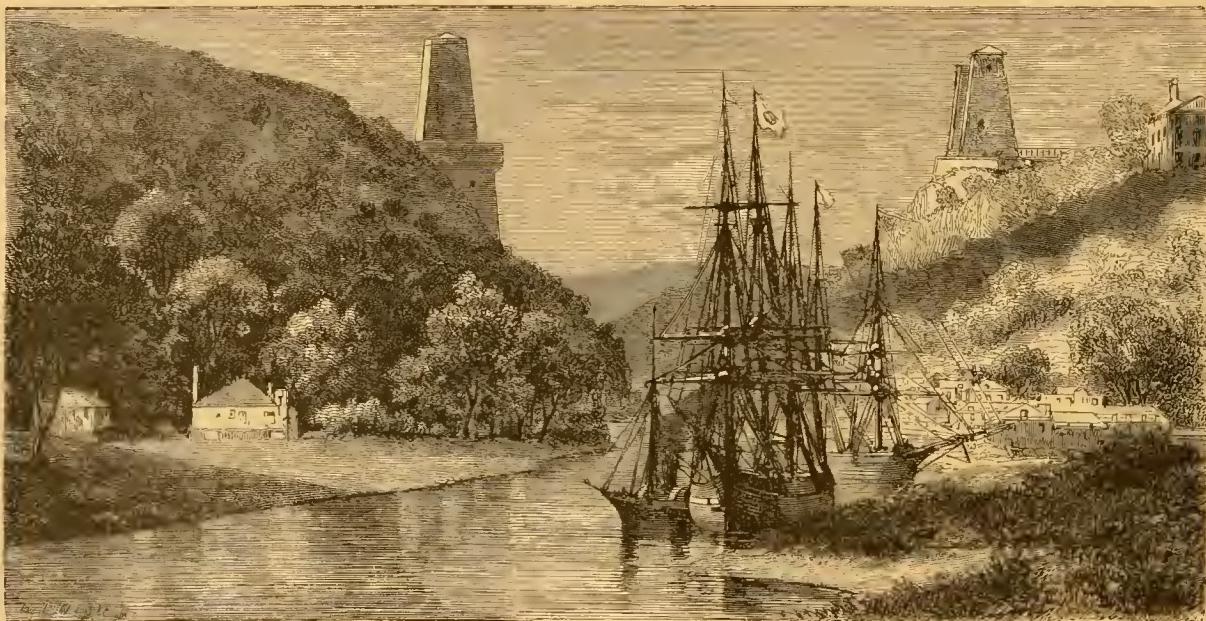


COAST BETWEEN TINTAGEL AND BOSCASTLE.

Tintagel itself, in the foreground, celebrated as the most romantic scene in Cornwall, derives additional interest from the ruins of a castle of great antiquity, the reputed home of King Arthur. The headland strikingly illustrates an action of the sea which tends to convert promontories into islands, consisting, as it does, of a peninsula, united to the coast by a neck of broken rocks, pierced by a long, dark cavern, or rather tunnel, which may be visited at low water. A hollow, commencing at the little village of Trevenna, opens to the sea in the rocky recess under Tintagel, and the stream which flows through it falls over the precipice in a cascade. The ruins of the castle are partly on the mainland and partly on the peninsula, separated by the deep chasm occasioned by the wearing away of the isthmus. They consist of dark, disintegrated walls, pierced by small square windows and arched doorways.

An ancient landing-place on the shore, called the Iron Gate, is yet marked by a massive bastion and gateway, which, it is believed, date from the time of the ancient Britons.

No historic record whatever tells of the erection of this most interesting castle, but the tradition connecting Tintagel with Arthur, "the flower of kings," has every sanction which can commend it to our belief. In the mediæval romances belonging to the cycle of Arthur, the name constantly occurs, with many descriptive particulars. In the Doomsday Book it is called Dunchine, the Castle of the Cleft; soon after the Conquest it was the residence of the Earls of Cornwall; later it became the property of the Crown, and was sometimes used as a prison, a Lord Mayor of London having been sent thither, in



THE AVON AT BRISTOL.

whose "perpetual penitentiary" it may be doubted if the Arthurian legends afforded much solace; and, finally, in Queen Elizabeth's time it was left to fall into ruin.

The most important business centre in the neighborhood of the Bristol Channel is Bristol, on the Avon, a few miles from the river's mouth. The illustration represents its suburb, Clifton, extending along the right bank of the little river the white fa^{ades} of its elegant residences. On the cliffs above stand the two towers of a suspension-bridge, built about 1850, and once spanning the river at a height of two hundred and forty-five feet above the water. The bridge itself was carried away by a hurricane, and the remaining towers add the picturesque effect of a ruin to the graceful landscape.

Eight miles below Bristol the Avon falls into the wide Severn, and a light-house, built on a long and narrow ledge of rocks, indicates the point of confluence of the two rivers.

Across the Severn lies Monmouthshire, and the traveller entering this county believes himself in Wales, and is surprised on looking at the map to find that Monmouthshire is part of England. This ordering, however, dates only from the time of Henry VIII., before whose reign the county was an integral part of South Wales, in history and interest perfectly identical with it. Subsequent to that era it has still been, in many respects, more intimately associated with Wales than with England; and in the aspect of the country, and in the language and habits of the people, it has all the characteristics of the Principality.

The county is full of Roman ruins, memorials of the three hundred and thirty years' occupation of those masters of the ancient world, Saxon and Norman relics, numerous castles, castellated mansions, and ecclesiastical edifices; being among the most picturesque ruins in the kingdom.

In the valley beneath runs another railway, following the little river Ebbw (pronounced Eb-bo) to the sea, and by this route we may come



down to Newport, at the mouth of the Usk, one of the most important towns in the county. A very few years have advanced this place from an insignificant village into a populous and thriving commercial centre, owing to the inexhaustible mineral wealth of the surrounding district, and the facilities of transportation offered by the numerous canals and railways of the region.

It is coal which has made the fortune of Newport. Everybody deals in it, and finds the business profitable. The city claims high antiquity, being founded by the Romans in connection with their station at Caerleon.

Our first town really in the Principality is Milford, situated on Milford Haven, near the western extremity of Wales. The brief history of this place is an extraordinary instance of great and rapid vicissitudes. The town is of recent origin, having been commenced in 1790 by Mr. Charles Greville, the



MILFORD.

proprietor, under the sanction of an Act of Parliament. A large and populous town quickly arose; a dock-yard was constructed for building ships of war; a line of mail-coaches and packets daily visited the town; a company engaged in the South-Sea whale-fishery selected it as the port for their vessels; laborers of all classes found constant and remunerative employment, and money to a great amount was circulated.

But within a few years these springs of prosperity failed. The dock-yard was removed four miles farther from the open sea, the whalers sought other ports, the line of post-office communication was diverted, much property was rendered unproductive, and the interests of the town declined as rapidly

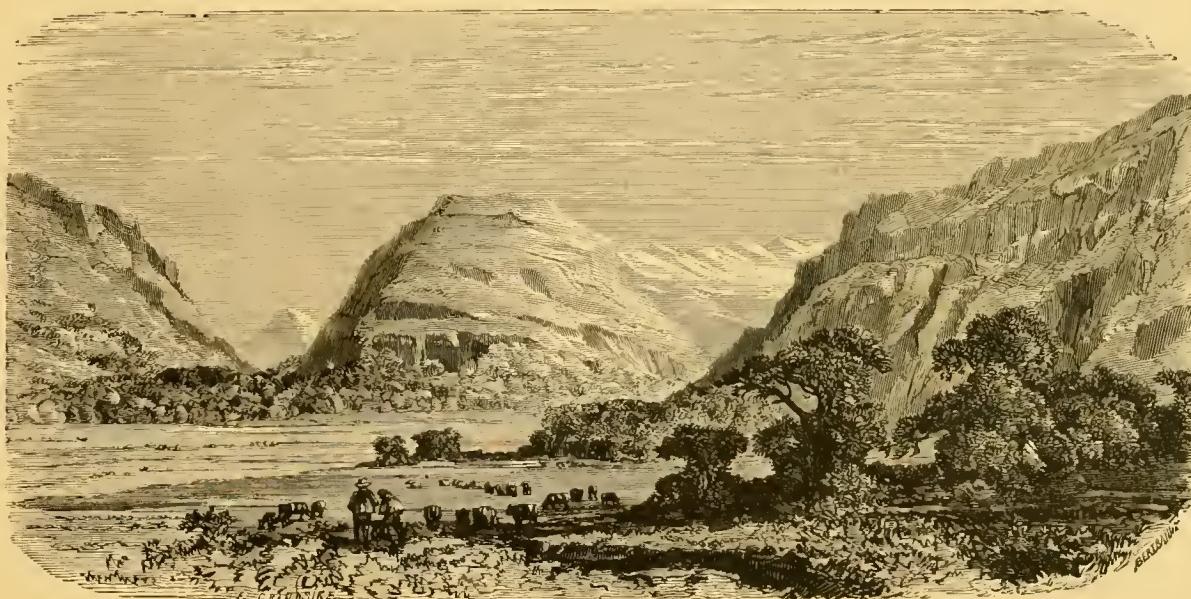
VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.



as they had advanced. A renewal of prosperity, however, which promises to be lasting, has resulted from the many advantages which the place enjoys.

The traveller passes through the lovely valley of Nant Gwynant, or the Vale of the Waters. All through the valley runs an excellent road, overlooking Lake Gwynant, and, with its fertile meadows on one hand and luxuriant woods on the other, unfolds scenes of exquisite beauty whose impression is greatly heightened by their contrast with the sublimer features of the mountain landscape amidst which they are found.

Llyn Gwynant is a lovely lake about a mile long and a quarter of a mile in breadth. Beyond this, the road runs by the river through a narrow, wooded valley, till it reaches a second lake, smaller, but scarcely less beautiful. Still following the river, the road passes close under a remarkable rock, known



LLYN GWYNANT AND MERLIN'S FORT.

as Merlin's Fort, which is the scene of many wondrous traditions concerning the old magician.

The great feature of the English metropolis, to which we now turn, is its chain of parks,—Hyde Park, the Green, and St. James's, which touch at the angles, and may be regarded as forming part of a space of uninterrupted pleasure-ground. Each of them has its peculiar character. St. James's, lying among palaces, and from an early period surrounded by the fashionable residences of the West End, is the courtier; a few steps from the main avenues, and the visitor loses himself in exquisite sylvan retreats, in which he can scarcely believe himself so near the paved streets and stone buildings of mighty London.

All the London parks, except Kensington, which has preserved the symmetrical arrangement in which Queen Anne delighted, are laid out with great simplicity, in what is called the English style: a natural or artificial stream, on which light skiffs are sailing about; a rustic pavilion here and there; tall and venerable trees standing quite apart from one another; flowers and ornamental plants on the edges and in groups; but, above all, extensive lawns, of which the public is allowed the fullest enjoyment. If the turf grows worn



WEST WYCOMBE PARK.

in places, little portable fences are set up, which are always respected, and the soft, moist climate of England, combined with the gardener's care, soon restores the verdant velvet.

Kensington Gardens are properly a portion of Hyde Park. The ground was originally purchased by William III., then laid out by Queen Anne, and



KENSINGTON GARDENS. LONDON.

a court end gradually gathered about them. Nowhere are to be seen more aged and venerable trees than those in Kensington Gardens, and their solitary seclusion has a look of the last century.

Of all the places of out-of-door resort in the neighborhood of London, Kew is by far the most important and frequented. It is some six or seven miles from Charing Cross, and reached both by rail and steamboat. "It is the finest botanic garden in the world," says a French author; and an English writer says: "The middle classes have here, and strictly as their own property,



BRIDGE IN WEST WILTON PARK.

one of the most expensive of modern refinements, and one of the most delightful,—a Winter Garden. It is not called so," he adds; "it was not in any way formed with such an object; but it is not the less true, and it happens thus: an immense proportion of the collection of plants requires either to be grown altogether or to be occasionally sheltered in glass houses; consequently there are some twenty of these structures at Kew, most of them handsome, some very large, and one, the Palm-House, so large and splendid that it forms in itself a magnificent Winter Garden.



ST. JAMES'S PARK. LONDON.

"You go in by one of the most beautiful entrances that have been erected in modern times, whether we regard the effect of the whole design, or the

taste shown in the separate details. There is no unlocking of a dark door; you walk in freely. Turn to the left, you wander amid the more secluded scenery of the old gardens, until you reach the hot-houses and the adjacent beds. Or walk straight forward along the bold, broad promenade, immediately after you enter; visit the conservatory on your right, and at the end of this promenade turn to the left, and ramble along the still finer avenue adorned



CASCADES. VIRGINIA WATER.

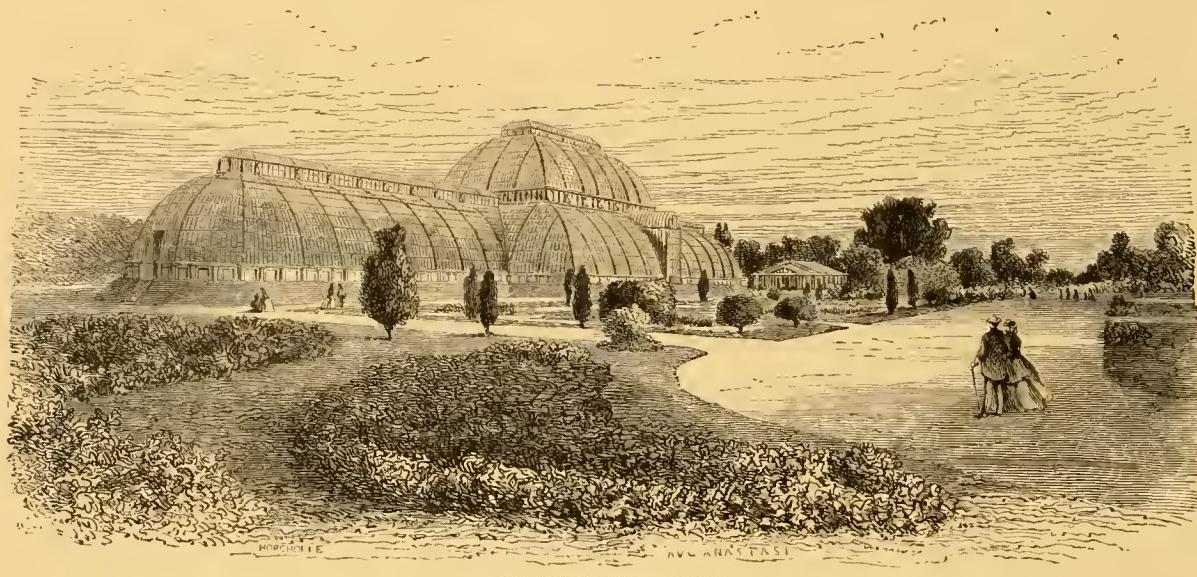
on either side by flower-beds, lawns, and shrubberies, and terminated by the great Palm-House itself. The student is free to enjoy access to all these daily increasing stores, and every person is free to enjoy the pleasure which the view of them cannot fail to confer."

The Gardens of Kew are divided into two distinct sections,—the Botanic Garden, properly so called, and the pleasure-garden, or Arboretum. Both are laid out in the English style, but in the Botanic Garden the straight line and the semicircle are not absolutely banished. Here is a large pond, and here are the green-houses and museums. Only the great Palm-House, or Winter Garden, is situated in the Arboretum.

The invention of the hot-house is, we may say, the last refinement of the gardener's art. Without the aid of these enclosed and covered parterres,

with diaphanous walls, we could cultivate in each climate only the flora proper to that climate, or to those very nearly resembling it. The beautiful plants of tropical and sub-tropical zones, and those of the southern hemisphere, would be known to us only by description, and by the herbaria of botanic travellers.

It was not until the sixteenth, or, possibly, the fifteenth century, that any use was made of glass on a large scale, and these first hot-houses were orangeries, in which orange, laurel, and myrtle trees were set for the winter, or forcing-houses, to bring forward by artificial heat the vegetables and fruits of summer. But with the explorations of the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the



PALM-HOUSE. KEW.

Dutch, and the Genoese, came home to English gardeners some notion of the vegetable marvels of the tropics, and the desire sprung up to lodge these foreign wonders amid conditions that would secure their complete development in so unfamiliar a climate.

Not until the beginning of the present century, however, has a taste for culture under glass really spread itself thoroughly among the higher classes of Europe, and been carried to a great height of luxury, especially in England and in Germany. The hot-houses of Kew, now twenty-one in number, are among the finest in the world. The largest of them is four hundred and eighty-two feet in length, and covers an acre and two thirds of ground. This is a temperate house, and has its roof removed during the summer. It is devoted to the flora of the sub-tropical and temperate regions of the southern hemisphere.

The great Palm-House, though not as large, is more remarkable. It consists, as will be observed, of a centre and two wings; the former, a hun-



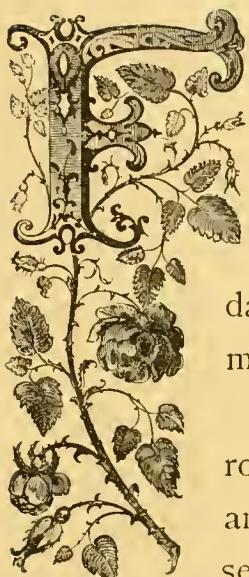
HAMPTON COURT.

dred feet wide and sixty-six high; the latter, fifty feet wide and thirty high, and the length of the whole three hundred and sixty-two feet. It is heated by hot water which circulates in pipes, of which the whole length is twenty-four thousand feet. A gallery runs round the lofty central portion, which is reached by a very elegant circular staircase of iron, looking almost as light as the climbing plants which festoon it, adorning it, in their season, with some of the most superb of all known flowers. The color of the glass is an interesting novelty. The object desired was to admit all possible light, but to exclude the fiercest of the heat rays. It had been found by experiment that these heat rays alone caused the injury palms were found to suffer when exposed unshaded under glass, and the same method determined that a pale-yellowish shade in the

glass was that which most effectually debarred passage to these heat rays of highest temperature. Palms and plantains, banians, the Caffre bread-tree, the papyrus, and countless other splendid strangers from the tropics, adorn this great hot-house.

Further up the river is Richmond, on the south bank, which rises behind the village into Richmond Hill. From this spot, a beautiful view of the river gives the traveller an entirely new idea of Father Thames. All the way through London it is the stream of crowded traffic, and too frequently its waters are muddy and unsightly; but higher up, the old river-god becomes the patron of elegance, ease, and gayety. Seen from Richmond Hill, the Thames is the fairest feature of a most fair landscape. The winding river makes its gentle way through a wide extent of dark-green waving woods; through openings here and there we catch a glimpse of corn-field, meadow, and rural homestead; gray church-towers dot the distance, and give a tone of tranquillity and dignity to the landscape. In these woody retreats, one understands what is meant by "green England," and would linger there for hours with no companion save the tranquil deer or the timorous rabbit. Sir Walter Scott has a paragraph in his "*Heart of Mid-Lothian*" well describing this charming scene. "They paused for a moment," he says, "on the brow of the hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds which seemed to wander unrestrained through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gayly fluttering pennons gave life to the whole."

NORWAY.



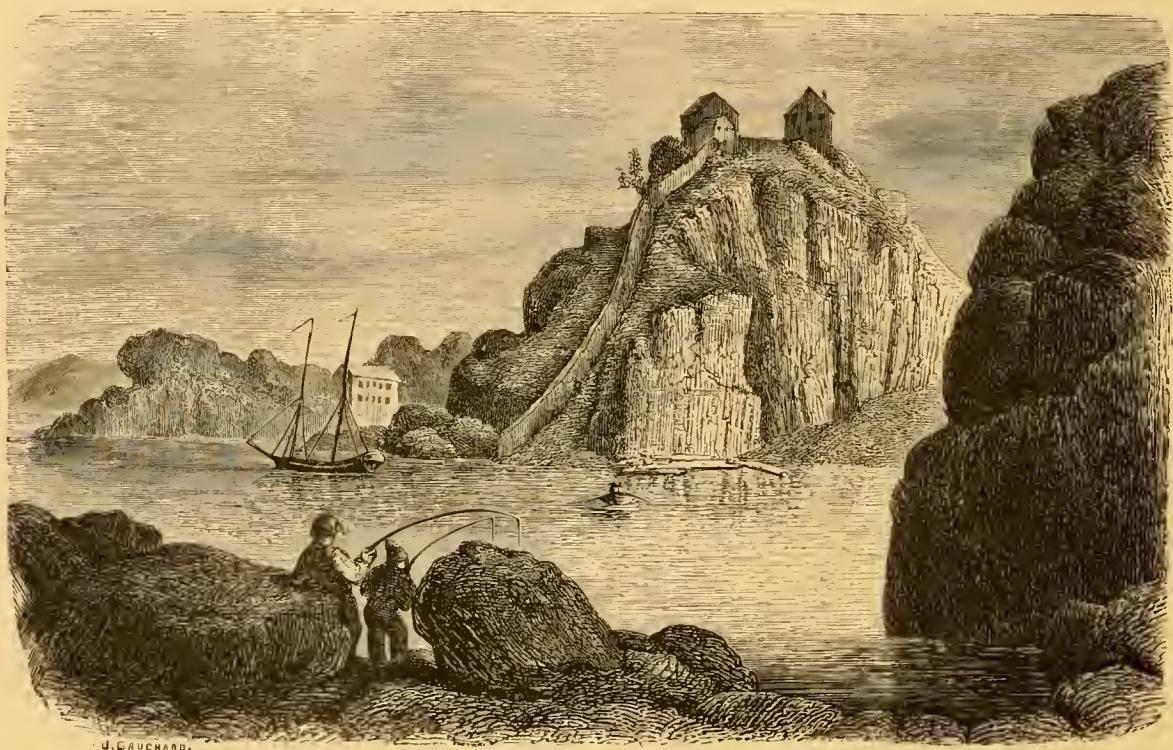
ROM England to Norway seems an abrupt transition, but may we not by way of contrast hail with pleasure the keen, fresh wind of northern seas, and the wild landscape, where Nature has done everything and man nothing, and a certain air of primitive existence reigns, as if one were carried back to the days when the Vikings were, for the moment, the greatest and most dreaded power in Europe?

The scenery of Norway is absolutely peculiar. A long, narrow country, with a mountain chain extending its entire length, and throwing out lateral spurs, especially towards the west, its sea-coast is one of the most deeply indented in the world, its valleys ending in arms of the sea, which wind far in among the mountains, and are often extremely narrow, while the rocky walls which define them rise sheer two or three thousand feet above the level of the water.

Following up the fiords, we come to the dalene, or mountain valleys. Like the fiords, these also are deep and narrow; some of them are a hundred miles in length; many of them are extremely fertile, and contain numerous farms. Each valley has its river, in some cases its lake, and the various affluents to the main stream dash over the walls of the valley in cascades of more or less importance, as the mountain barrier is of greater or less height. Along the rivers grow the famous forests of Norway; the annual revenue from firewood being five million dollars. Oak, beech, ash, poplar, and willow are found in varying proportions; the spruce fir is, however, the principal tree in the southern part of the country, replaced towards the Arctic circle by the Scotch fir. The luxuriance of flowers is now and then remark-

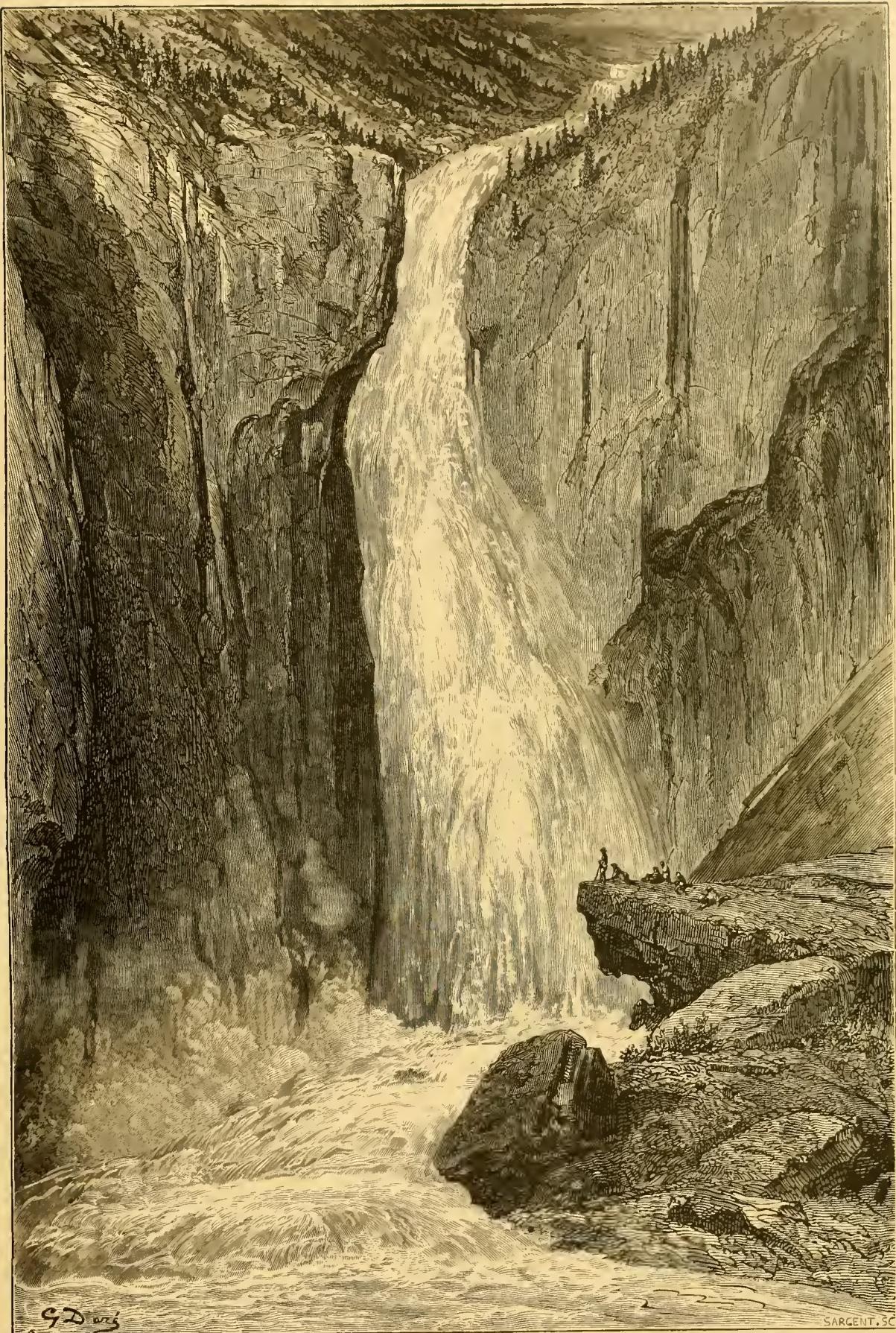
able. It is not uncommon to come upon magnificent banks of pansies, extending over at least a hundred square yards, in all their tri-colored splendor, filling the atmosphere far around them with delicious perfume.

About a hundred and fifty miles north of Christiansand is the great cataract, the Riukan Fos, represented on the opposite page. It is scarcely needful to add anything to the artist's faithful representation of this magnificent scene. From below rises a white cloud of spray, which gives the cataract its name, the "reeking," or riukan falls. The volume of water,—a lake of



LAZARETTO. CHRISTIANSAND.

considerable size,—the height from which it is precipitated, over nine hundred feet, and, above all, the wonderful walls of rock which enclose it, make a scene which can never be forgotten, and has no mate in the world. Not alone is the eye impressed with the grandeur of this picture, but the ear discerns something quite peculiar and memorable. The roar and tumult of so vast a cataract is not lacking, but it is not the chaotic and confused mass of sound usual to a mighty waterfall. The Riukan Fos strikes six distinct blows with its fall, followed by a seventh louder than the rest, which makes the whole mass of water rebound into the air, nearly half-way up the height of the cataract, as though the waters were filling some enormous cave, and at a given moment, having over-filled it, made their tumultuous escape.



THE RIUKAN FALLS.

In strongest contrast to this scene of wild grandeur, is the tranquil beauty of the Fladal,—the valley of the Flaa (see page 51), with its quiet blue waters, lying smooth and unruffled in its frame of mountains.

To the west of the Fladal, and very near the sea, is the second famous Norwegian waterfall, the Voring Fos. The torrent forming this fall flows from the melting snows of the neighboring mountains, and traverses a moor through which it has cut a gully some two hundred feet deep, then, coming to a rocky wall, in which it either finds or makes a perpendicular fissure, pitches down in a foaming mass, into a narrow gorge of fearful depth. Looking over from a ledge of rock near the top, the effect is almost terrific; far below, a thousand feet or more, lies the milky pool, into which the torrent thunders with crashing violence. There is no beauty nor grace about it, as there is to nearly all the very high waterfalls of the world; it is but a great mass of water driving downwards, an amazing example of the power of gravitation.

A few miles further west we reach the Naero Fiord (page 50), well named, for "narrow" indeed it is. It is an irregular sea-filled gorge, between perpendicular rocks, rising to a height of five thousand feet. Far above extend mountain pasture-lands, and there are chalets perched here and there, like those of the Alps. In winter it is said that fearful avalanches roll down from these heights



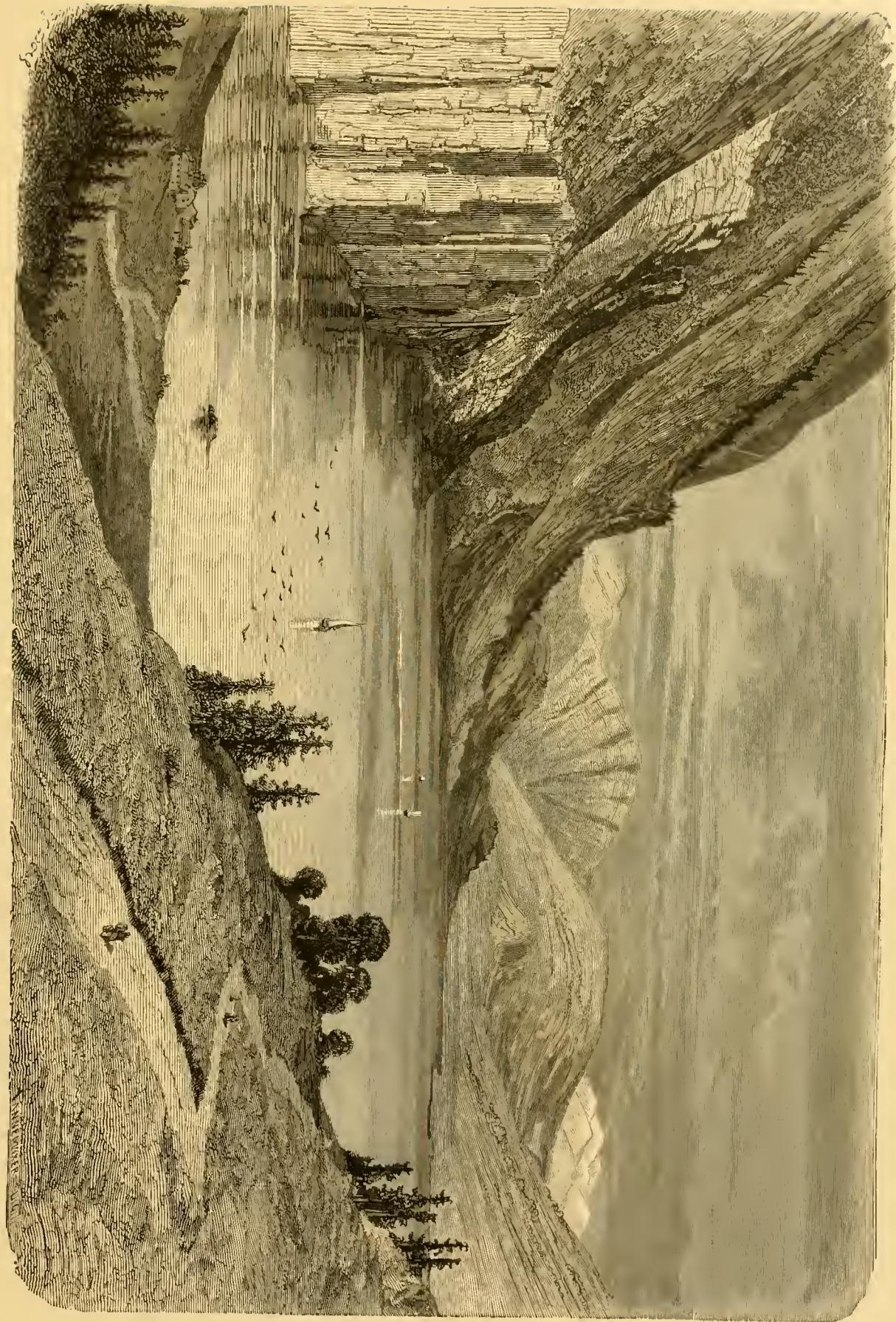
and plunge hissing into the fiord, and that more than once an ill-fated bark has been annihilated by this thunderbolt of the mountains. Here and there on the water's edge one may observe a church (see page 53), whose parish extends for miles away, and whose parishioners come by boat from their remote homes. Nothing can be more picturesque than the sight, on a quiet Sunday,



THE NAERO FIORD.

of a procession of boats creeping slowly and silently churchward, the white caps and red dresses of the women contrasting with the dark blue water of the fiord and the sombre green of the surrounding hills.

Grandest of all the Norwegian scenery, however, is the Romsdal (see page 55), a valley extending far inland, from its port and fiord of Veblungsnaeset, and combining in itself more of the elements of beauty and of savage grandeur



THE FLADAL.

than any valley in Europe, not excepting the most famous among the Alps. It is distinguished by the abundance and variety of its cascades, the richness of its carpet of green turf, the transparent color of the stream which traverses it, and lastly, by the bold outline of its mountains.



THE CHURCH AT BAKKE.

On the left of the valley the Romsdal Horn, a peak of extraordinary steepness, springs to the height of four thousand feet, like a huge shattered steeple, with other ragged cones surrounding it. Opposite, a mighty wall of rock rises directly from the road, varying from one to two thousand feet in height. In some parts of this wall great scars are visible, where huge masses have scaled off and thundered down; these fragments may be seen below cumbering the river-bed, and forcing its waters to roar and foam through the narrow channels

left between them. Above these scars an overhanging cornice may usually be seen, the upper surface from which the fragment was detached. The heap of massive ruins below, and the scar above, with its overhanging cornice, have a tendency to prevent the observant traveller from seating himself anywhere along beneath this wall, lest another crash should occur at a moment unfortunate for himself.

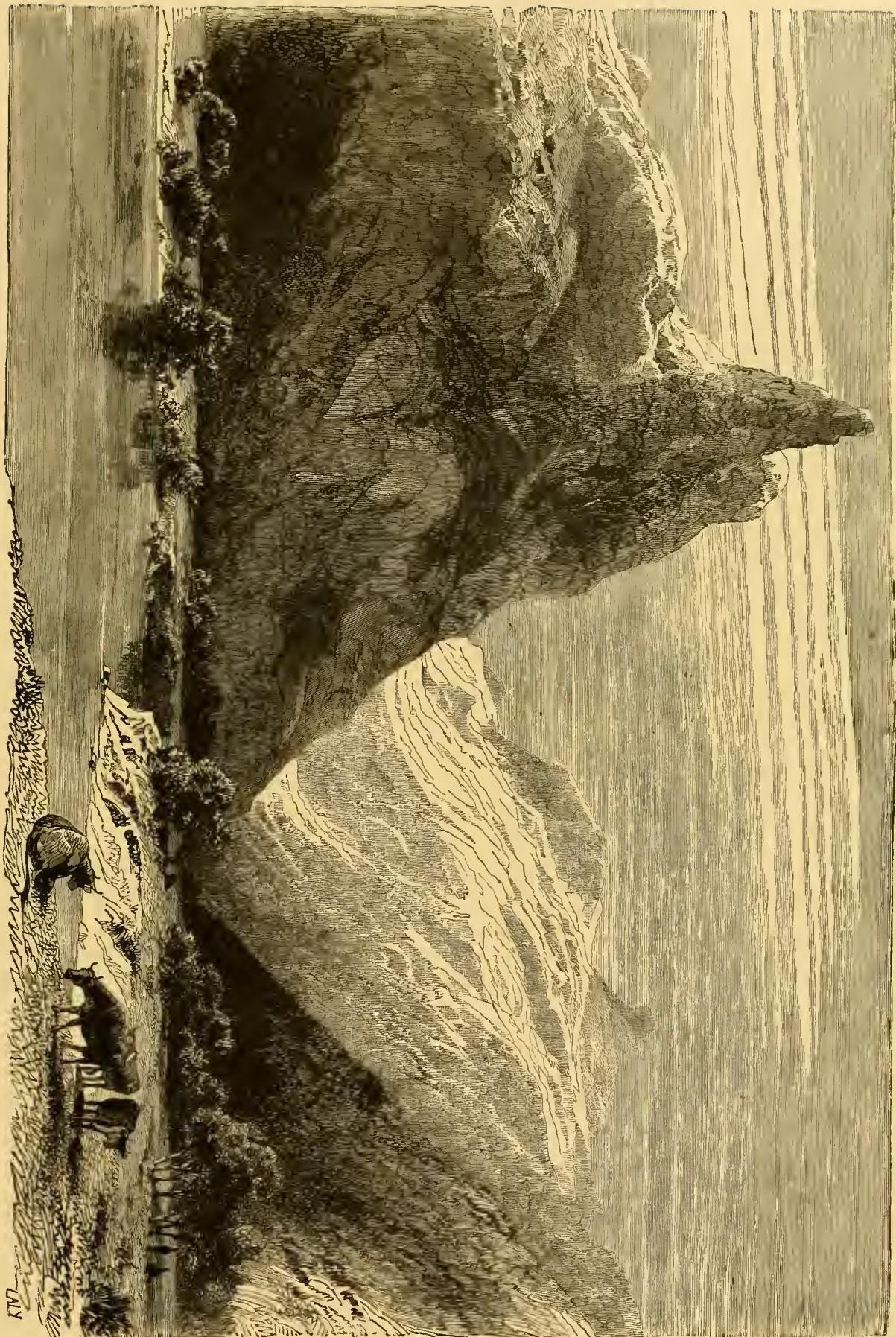


VEBLUNGSNAESET.

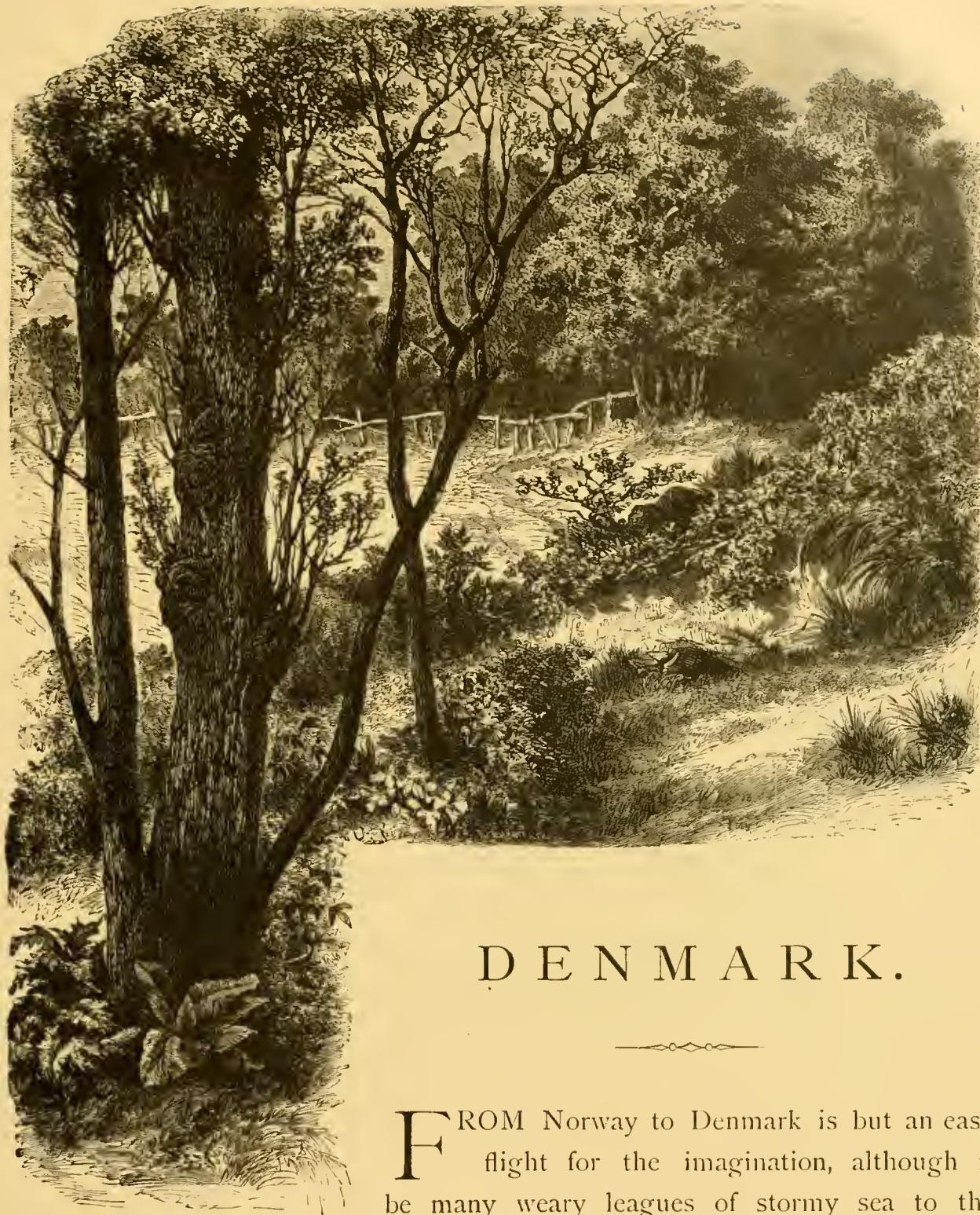
There is much legendary interest attached to the Romsdal. A certain range of fantastic, crenellated, rocky peaks, seen from Vebblingsnaeset, the harbor at the mouth of the fiord, are said to be sorcerers, who, seeking to prevent St. Olaf from penetrating into this valley, in order to introduce Christianity into it, were changed into stone by the devout monarch.

All this region was once a sort of Odinic Olympus; here was the abode of the Scandinavian divinities, and long after the rest of the country had submitted to the new faith, this valley held out stoutly for the religion of its forefathers.

The whole western coast of Norway, in fact, has its poetic associations; many points have been sung in imperishable verse by Tegner, the modern bard of Sweden. We are in the country of Frithiof and Ingeborg, whose story has inspired the poet with some of his finest verses.



THE ROMSDAL.



D E N M A R K.

FROM Norway to Denmark is but an easy flight for the imagination, although it be many weary leagues of stormy sea to the good ship ploughing her way down Skager Rack and Categat and Sund, until the beautiful harbor of Copenhagen is attained, and the handsome city of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, the metropolis of the future Scandinavian empire, lies before us.

In all quarters of the city the houses are admirable. Some are Gothic, many are modern; they are built of Danish brick, or of stone brought from Germany. The Exchange is one of the most picturesque of the public buildings of Copenhagen. It has a curious tower covered with lead, from which

springs a spire composed of the twisted tails of four dragons, whose heads lie on the tower roof, looking out to the four points of the compass.

The Old Palace of Rosenborg, near the northern gate of the city, is believed to be the work of Inigo Jones, the famous English architect, who



THE PALACE OF ROSENBOURG.

is known to have been in Denmark at the time it was built, namely, the year 1604. This at least is certain, that its erection was due to Christian IV., that rival of Gustavus Adolphus, that hero by land and sea, that enemy of the House of Austria, that defender of the Reformation, that statesman, that captain, that admiral, that poet in brick and stone. This rude soldier was like a Caliph of Bagdad in his love of architecture, and in the magnificent structures that he left behind him.

VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.



The Palace is an irregular structure of red brick, in the Gothic style, with high pointed roof, and four unequal towers. It is now used as an historical museum, and contains, hall after hall, relics of all the kings of Denmark, from Christian IV. down to Frederick VII. The collection of silver cups and



AMALIENBORG PALACE AND MARKET.

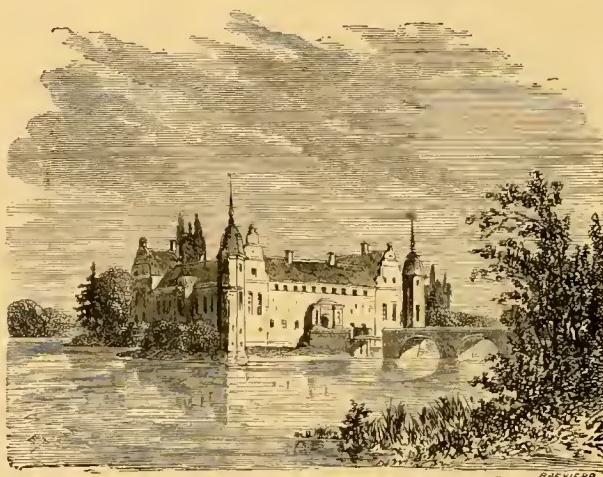
flags of exquisite workmanship is very remarkable; so, also, is the treasure of Venetian glass, of which eight hundred pieces were sent by one doge to Frederick IV. The hall of the Knights in the third story of the palace is a magnificent apartment: it is the coronation hall of the Danish kings. The

throne is surrounded by three silver lions, the armorial bearings of Denmark, understood to represent the Great Belt, the Little Belt, and the Sund.

From the Old Palace of the kings to the home of a king's favorite is a natural transition. In the Amac Market stands the house of Divecke, a gabled Renaissance building erected in 1616. Divecke was the pretty daughter of a market-woman from Amsterdam, Siegbrit by name. The girl won the king's affection, which is not a new incident in royal story; but the peculiarity of this romance is that her mother, the market-woman, became the king's councillor and chief adviser; "Siegbrit the prime minister," the history of the time calls her.



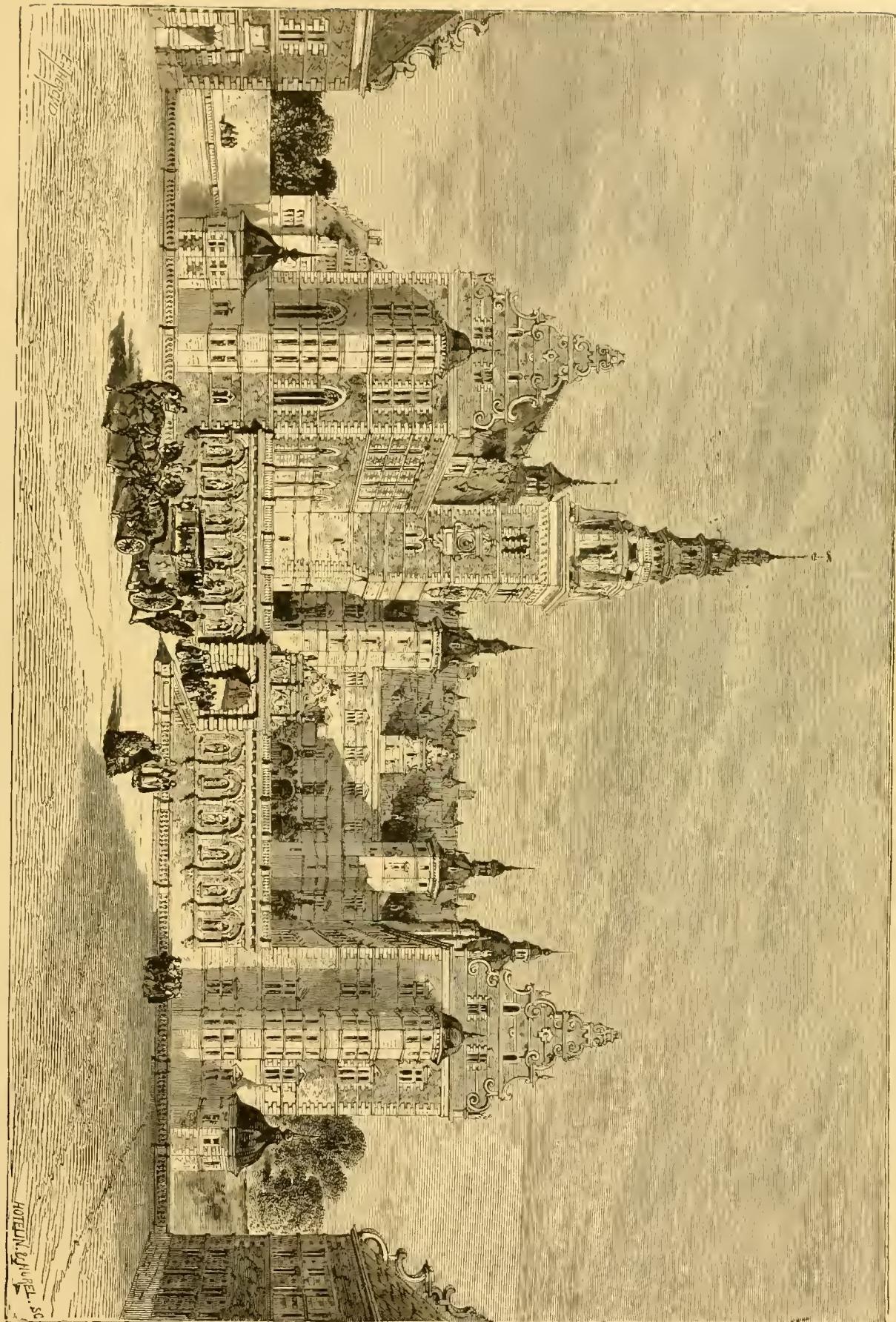
CHÂTEAU OF EGESKOW.



CHÂTEAU OF LOVENBORG

Twenty miles north of Copenhagen is Fredericksborg, the great palace, the Versailles, one may say, of the Danish kings. Like a wounded hero of the north it still stands, though ravaged by fire about the year 1860. We present an illustration of the castle as seen from the courtyard.

This also is the work of Christian IV., and was built on three little islands in a lake connected by bridges, and covered to the water's edge, so that the palace seems to rise from the water like a château of fairy-land. It is a colossal edifice, and of most capricious variety in respect to architecture. Its walls are in part brick, in part stone; its façades and towers, here Greek, there Gothic; while the Scandinavian imagination glitters about every portion of the vast structure, from statues and niches, arched passage-ways and pillars of black Norway marble, and bas-reliefs, to the general effect of mingled color, dark and brilliant, which is reflected beneath the blue sky in the green waters of the lake.



PALACE OF FREDERICKSBORG.

HOTEL DE LUXE

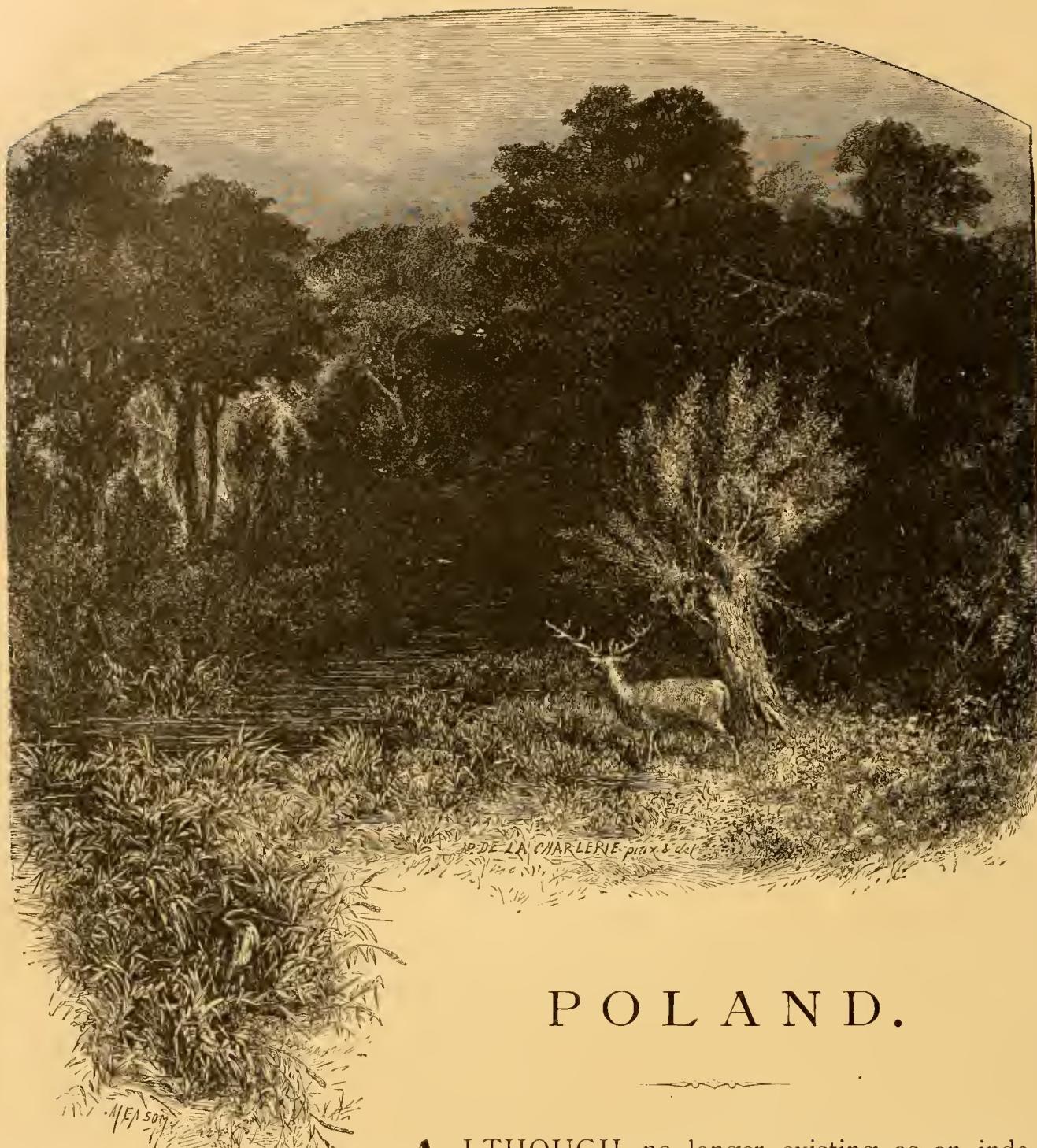
The gardens are laid out in the French style, and are very extensive; but the royal forest, with its magnificent avenues of beech-trees, may rival the finest in all Europe.

This castle was the favorite home of Christian IV. Fêtes and banquets of all kinds, by day and night, succeeded each other in the spacious halls and superb pleasure-grounds, and were graced by the beauty and gentleness of Christine Munch, whom the king, by a morganatic marriage, made his wife.



CHÂTEAU OF GLORUP.

To all the higher classes there is, in Denmark, a great charm in country life. It is the land of châteaux, like those represented on this and the preceding page, some of which are of great beauty. Here they impress you by their grandeur, there you are charmed by their dainty elegance. Some châteaux are feudal citadels with menacing donjons; others are hunting-lodges, in the heart of the deep woods; others are like a swan's nest among the reeds; others are like Venetian palaces, which mirror their sculptured bridges in the deep-green water of the lagoons. In a few the most exquisite taste, without relinquishing its heritage of the past, has united it to the present by the miracles of modern comfort and the magic of modern art.

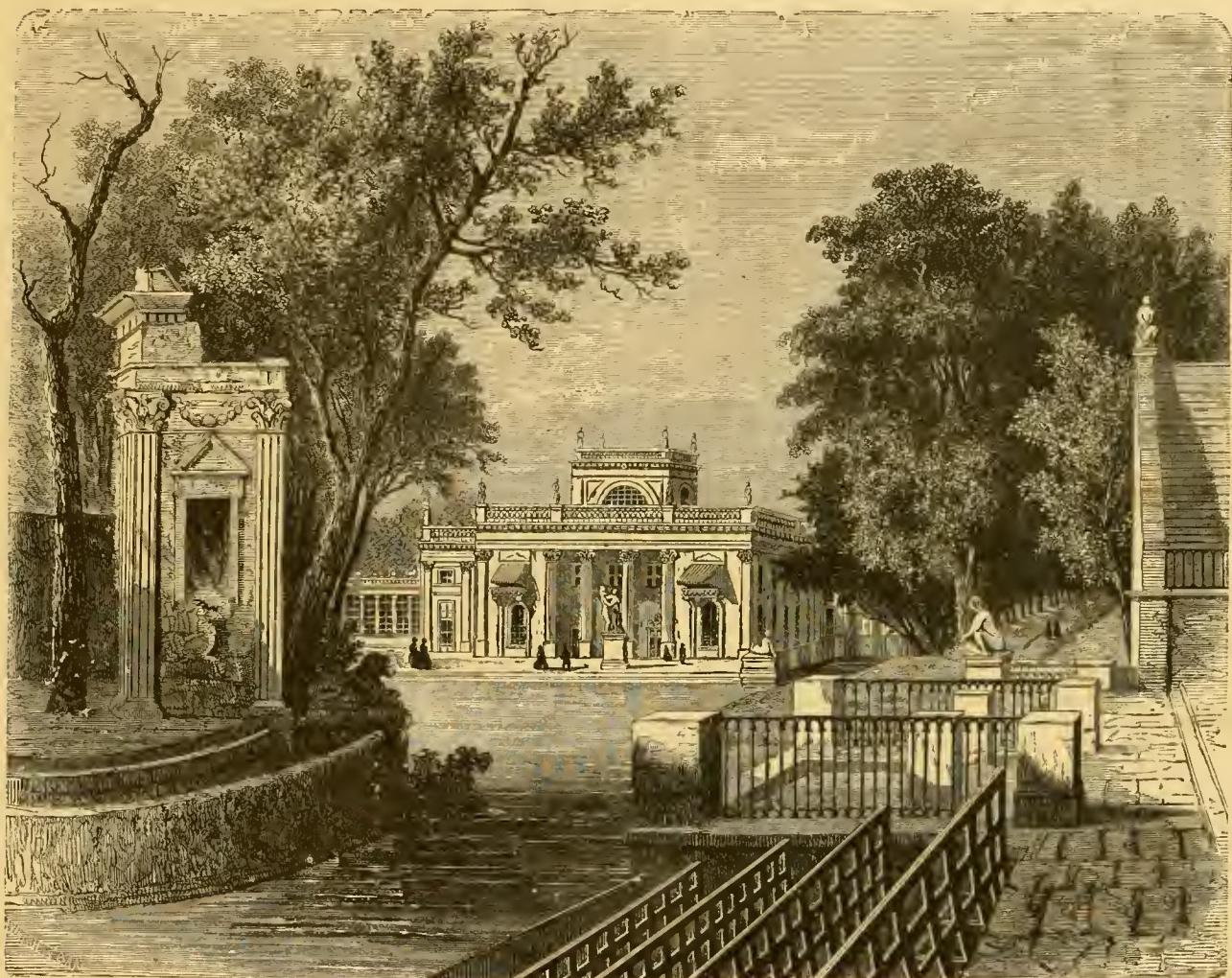


POLAND.

ALTHOUGH no longer existing as an independent state, Poland retains a character, perhaps, more individual and peculiar than any other country in Europe, and is no more likely to be assimilated and lost in the great nation of Russia, than are the Jews or the Gypsies in the various countries where for the moment they make their home.

Of the great kingdom which was ruled for nearly two centuries by the illustrious House of Jagellon, only that portion which fell to Russia at the time of the partition is now called by the name of Poland: this portion, however, contains the capital, and numbers in its five million inhabitants all the old, heroic names which have given the unhappy little country a world-wide fame.

Warsaw is a city nearly fourteen miles in circumference, having a population of about a hundred and fifty thousand persons. It has one long, broad street, and many narrow ones lying at right angles to the main thoroughfare. The city, diversified by many gardens and orchards, extends partly over a plain, partly upon a plateau which rises along the shore of the Vistula, and, thanks to the wide plains and the river, enjoys fresh air and a healthful climate.



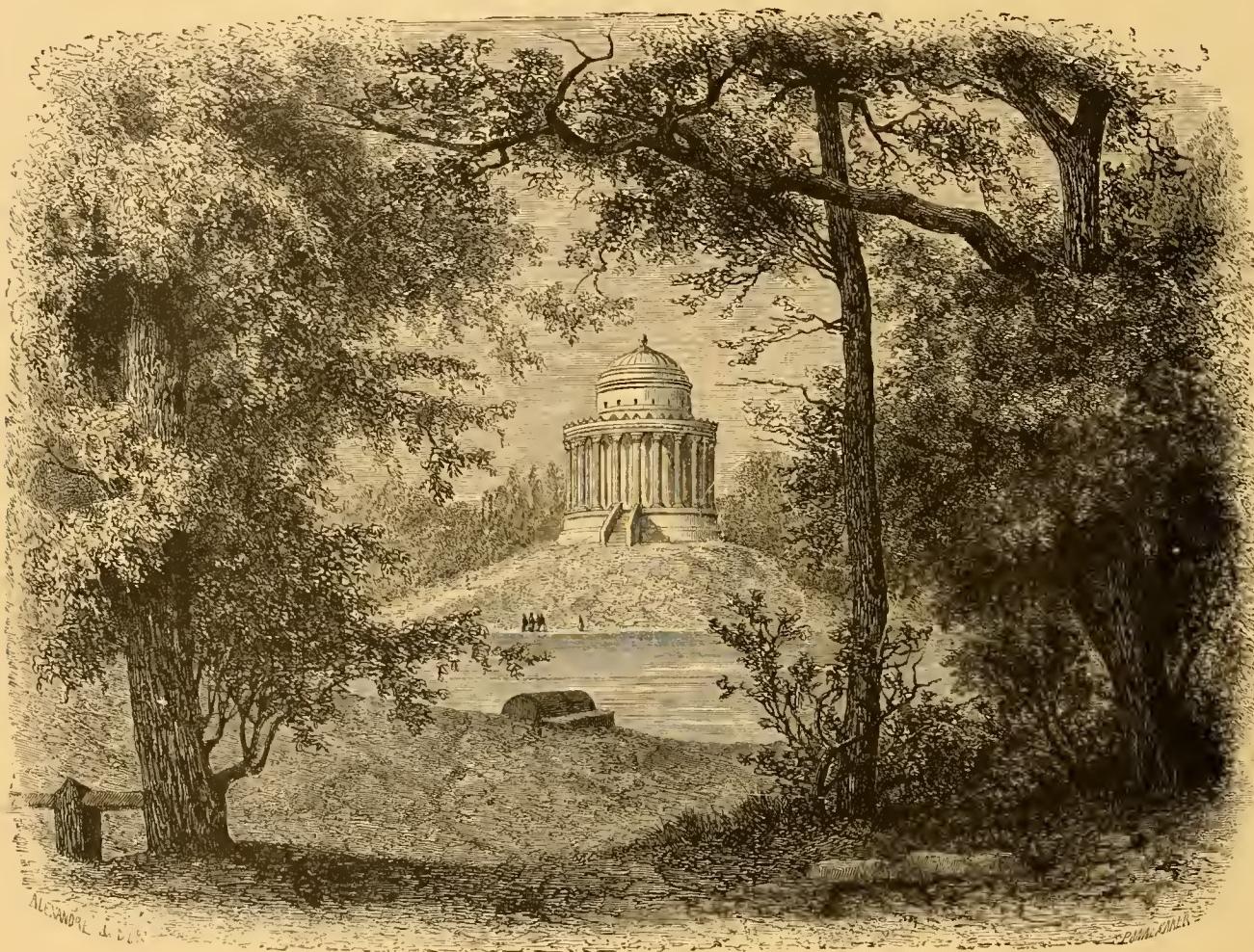
CHÂTEAU OF LAZIENSKI.

Warsaw, notwithstanding its celebrity, is far from meeting our ideas of the splendor suited for a capital. At every step one sees remnants of barbarism; perhaps the most painful contrast which strikes the eye is that existing between the splendid churches and the poor wooden houses in which a majority of the inhabitants reside.

Warsaw contains many promenades and places of public out-of-door resort. Its finest avenue is the Belvedere, bordered for more than a mile by a triple row of chestnut-trees. It leads from the city to the château of Lazienski, represented above, and is thronged during the fine weather by the inhabitants.

This palace served as the residence of the emperor Nicholas I., whenever he came to Warsaw. John III. presented it to Stanislas Lubomirski, and this noble neglected it utterly. Stanislas Augustus bought it back, erected a summer château, and laid out ornamental grounds of vast extent, decorating them with fountains and groups of statuary in the fashion of that day.

The place as it now exists is as beautiful as fairy-land. The château stands between two lakes; to one of its wings a church has been added,



PARK OF LAZIENSKI.

built in 1846, and dedicated to Alexander Newski. All along the side of the château a marble staircase descends into the lake. The first story of the building consists entirely of superb reception-rooms, of which the finest is a long *salon*, with windows opening each side upon the water. It contains also a splendid picture gallery, and a white marble Venus of great beauty. The theatre of the château is built upon an island in the lake, in front of the main structure, and the stage is separated by a canal from the great audience room, which will accommodate fifteen hundred persons.

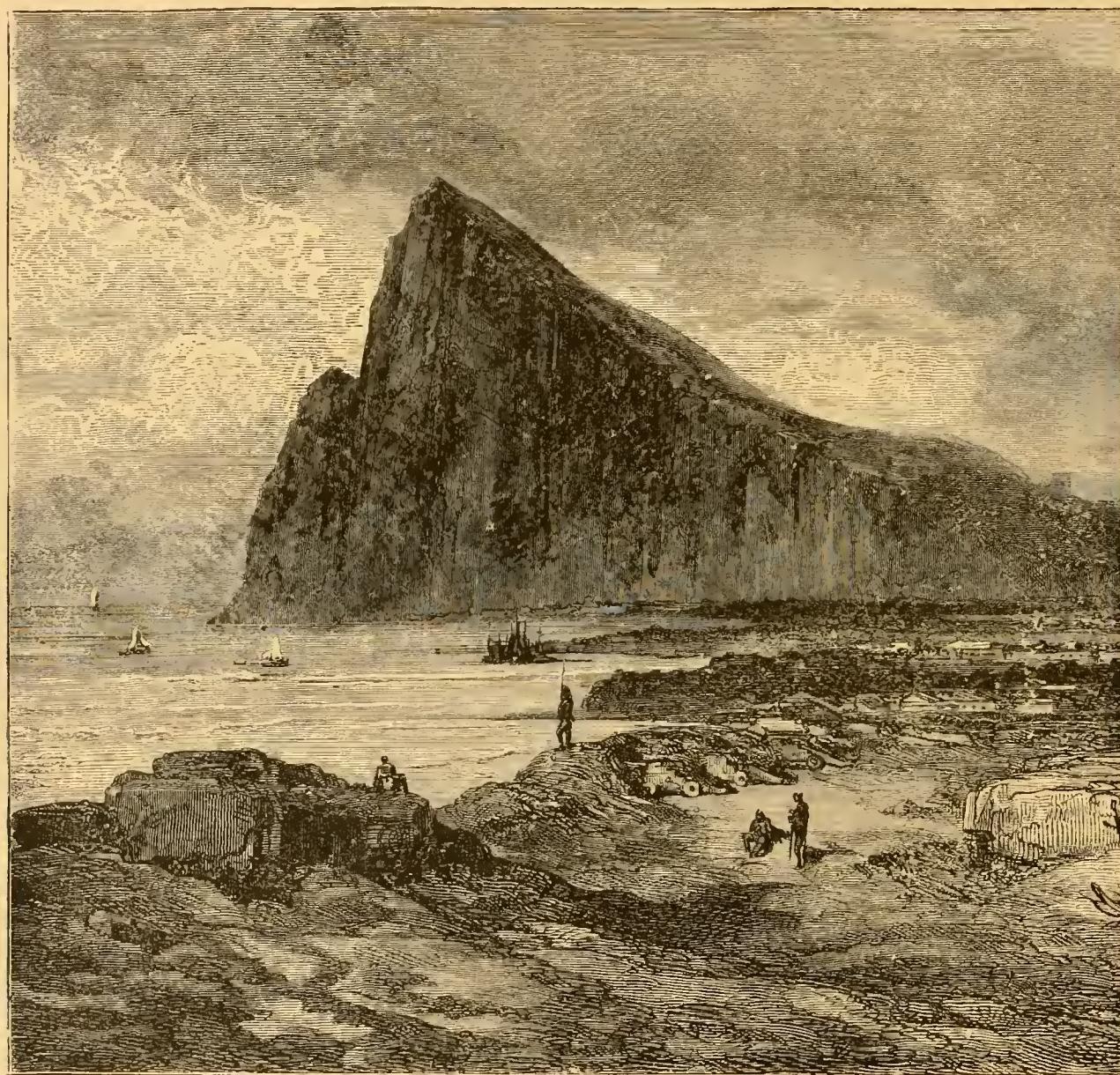


SPAIN.

A CASTILIAN proverb asserts that "when you have said Spain you have said everything;" and, possibly, with the exception of Italy, it is one of the most interesting regions in the world. It is a country fertile in romantic associations, and remarkable in national characteristics. Were there no other distinguishing circumstance in its long record than that it has been twice, or rather thrice, almost completely in the military possession of foreign invaders, and yet has ultimately triumphed over its enemies, this alone would give to its history a peculiar attraction. Twice has Spain been the debatable

land between Europe and Africa. Rome and Carthage contended for empire on its soil, and when the Saracens made their desperate effort for the possession of Christendom, Spain was one of the advanced positions on which they seized.

The Rock of Gibraltar forms the southwestern extremity of the province of Andalusia. Though for many years this celebrated fortress was the pride and glory of Spain, the Spaniard of to-day scowls as he beholds the red cross of St. George flying from the fortifications, and sighs that the most impregnable fortress in the world is in the permanent possession of a foreign nation.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Situated, with but one exception, upon the most southerly extremity of Europe, the Rock of Gibraltar commands the whole of the western coast of Spain, comprising nearly two thirds of the coast-line of the country. This rock rises abruptly on its northern side (a view of which we present) to a height of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its immense size

is a source of astonishment to the beholder. Its height and extent must be seen to be fully appreciated. From the east, seen from the Atlantic, it has the appearance of a great lion, with its head turned towards the land. The approaches from the sea and from the land bristle with guns, and the fortress has been pronounced by the most skilled engineers to be impregnable by assault. Famine, against which the British government amply provides, would be the only possible method by which this fortress could be forced to surrender. The rock is perforated by numerous natural caverns, which have been artificially enlarged and made subservient to the purpose for which the rock is used. These corridors are perforated with port-holes, which are so arranged as to cover any attack by sea or land. As the steamer approaches nearer the rock, we notice that the rock is covered with rich and abundant vegetation, and the captain informs us that it is so even in mid-winter. On reaching the landing-place, one is astonished at the activity of the town of Gibraltar. As we pass along the streets towards our hotel, we see persons of various nations, who seem to be busy—a great contrast to some of the Spanish towns which we shall have occasion to visit. You enter the city through a large square, and find yourself in the principal street of the city of Gibraltar. A quaint and picturesque street it is; some of the shops are elegant, while others are old-fashioned and dilapidated. The inhabitants are as varied and picturesque in their costume as the architecture of the city. The jaunty, red-coated English soldier walks stiffly along the street, eying with contempt the swarthy Spaniard. The men of Fez or Tangier, in their rich garments interwoven with gold, pass the delicate forms of the Andalusian girls, or are jostled by the portly wives of English soldiers. The turbaned Moor, the handsome Greek, the Jew from Africa, meet and pass each other constantly.

Gibraltar is not a magnificent city; the houses are neither large nor elegant, and the every-day life of the British colony has done away with the spirit of Spanish-Moorish romance. The Park offers some fine views, as, in fact, what part of Gibraltar does not; but if one would have the finest prospect, let him ascend to the signal station which stands on the highest point of the rock and from which, as from the clouds, one enjoys with delight the imposing and magnificent panorama.

From this bare ridge are seen to the southward, on the opposite side of the Straits, the undulating shores of Africa, with the Abyla of the ancients

lifting its hoary and generally cloud-capped head high in air. To the east, the Mediterranean stretches out in boundless prospect; its calm waters lie as if in sleep, and the white sails of the little craft that skim its surface appear like specks of foam. On the northern side rise the mountains of Granada, the Alpuxarras and the Sierra Nevada, their lofty summits covered with snow, or buried in thick clouds. To the west, the Bay of Gibraltar lies beneath our feet; on the opposite side stands the town of Algeziras, and behind it rise the mountains which form a part of the Granada chain.

After leaving Gibraltar, we proceed to Seville, once the capital of Spain under the rule of the Goths. It is a quaint and old-fashioned town, although a spirit of enterprise has within the past few years converted some of the old and narrow streets into magnificent thoroughfares. The ancient walls, built at the time of the Moorish occupation, still surround the city, and add much to its ancient and picturesque appearance. Well has Byron said,—

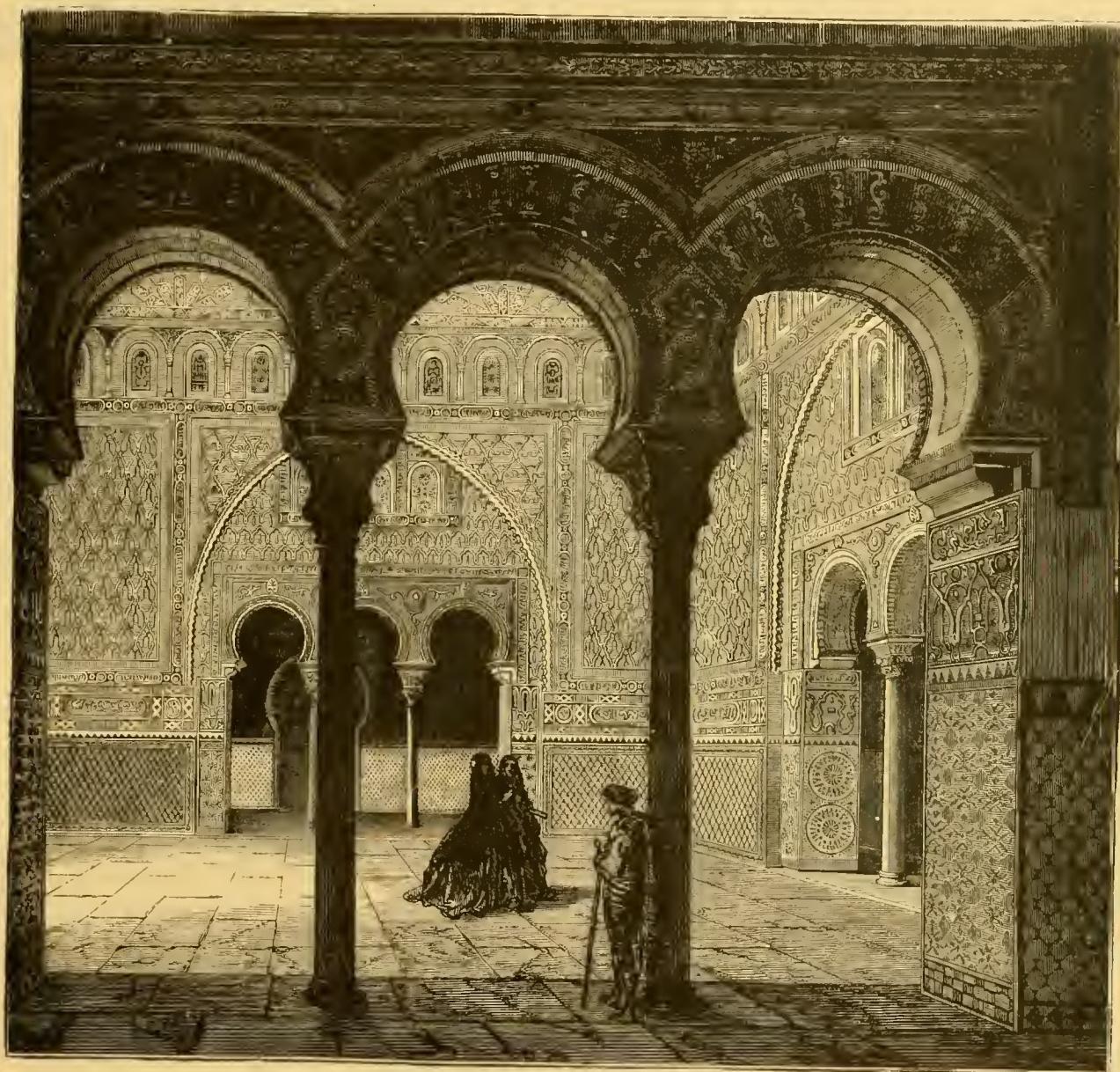
“Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;”

and the Sevillians are proud of the old proverb: “Who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel.” The history of the city is full of interest, and rich with the ancient lore and romance of Spain.

Let us visit the Alcazar, one of the finest palaces that remains in Spain. It is supposed to have been built near the close of the twelfth century, and it is believed that the same workmen who had been engaged on the Alhambra were employed to complete it. In after years it received additions from Pedro, called “the Cruel;” and Charles V. did his best to spoil its architecture, as he did that of the Alhambra. His additions were made in the Greco-Roman style, which contrasted poorly with the pure Moorish design of his predecessor.

One of the most beautiful apartments in the Alcazar is the “Hall of the Ambassadors.” It is in the Moorish style of architecture, rich with delicate lacework ornamentation, and glorious in its colors. The view which we present gives a far better idea of it than words can afford. This room has various romantic legends connected with it, and with that monster of cruelty, Don Pedro. In this hall tradition asserts that Pedro caused his brother, Don Fadrique, with all his retinue, to be assassinated; and stains are still

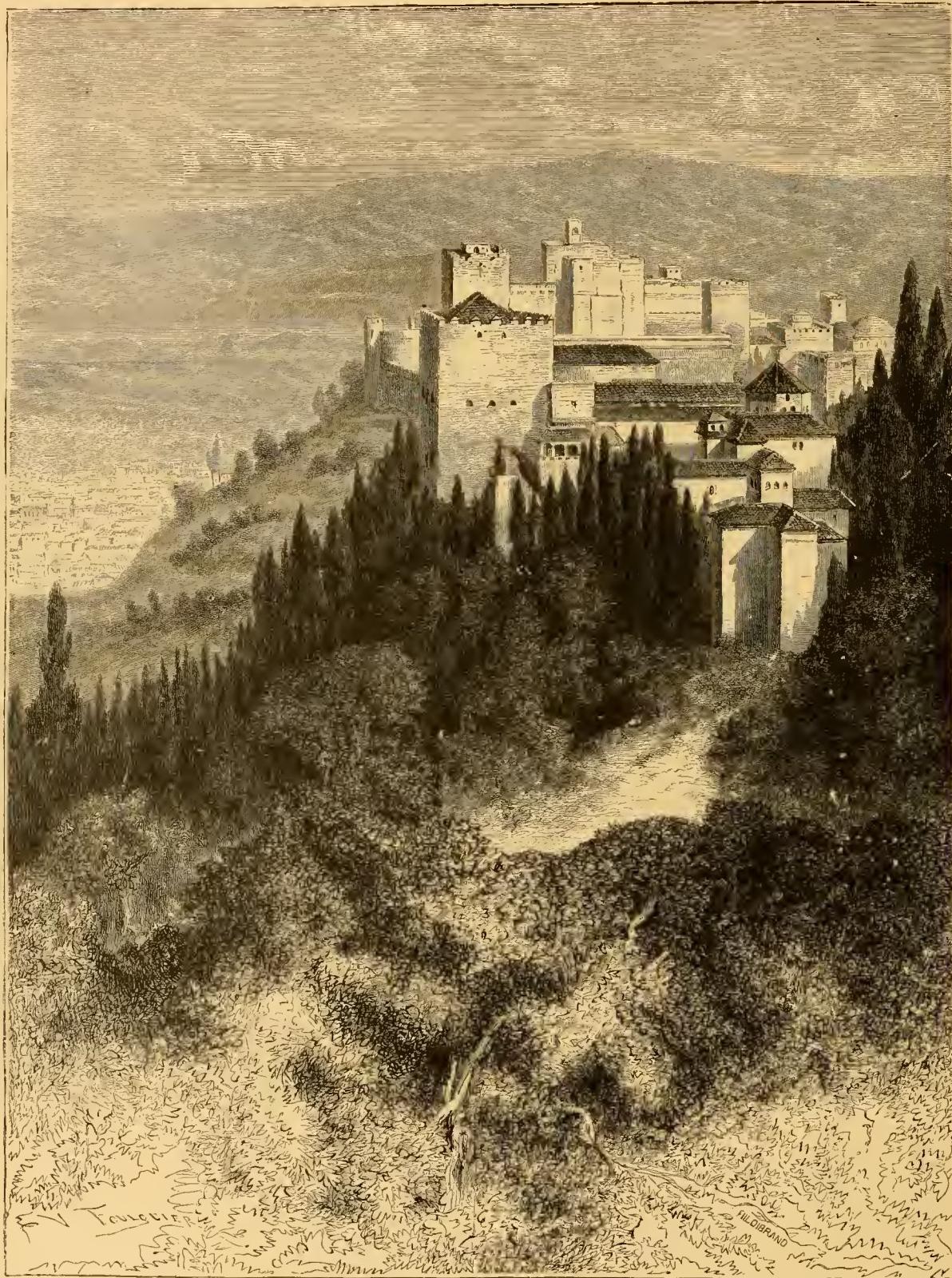
shown on the floor of the room which are said to be those of human blood. Here also Pedro received one of the kings of Granada, and after having treated him apparently with the utmost kindness and consideration, murdered him with his own hands, in order, it is said, to obtain the costly and precious jewels with which he was adorned.



HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, SEVILLE.

Soon after the death of Mohammed, the Arabs burst forth from their peninsula with a fury compared to which that of the Huns and Vandals was tame. Throughout the earth, in the space of little over half a century, they bore the victorious standard of the Prophet over realms as extensive as had required the eagles of Rome to traverse in four centuries. The whole of Spain, with the exception of Biscay and the Asturias, fell into their hands;

and had not Charles Martel, on the field of Tours, placed a check on their ambitious designs, undoubtedly the countries bordered by the Mediterranean



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.

would have been theirs, and the Moslem dream of universal conquest, so long looked forward to and so devoutly prayed for, would have been realized.

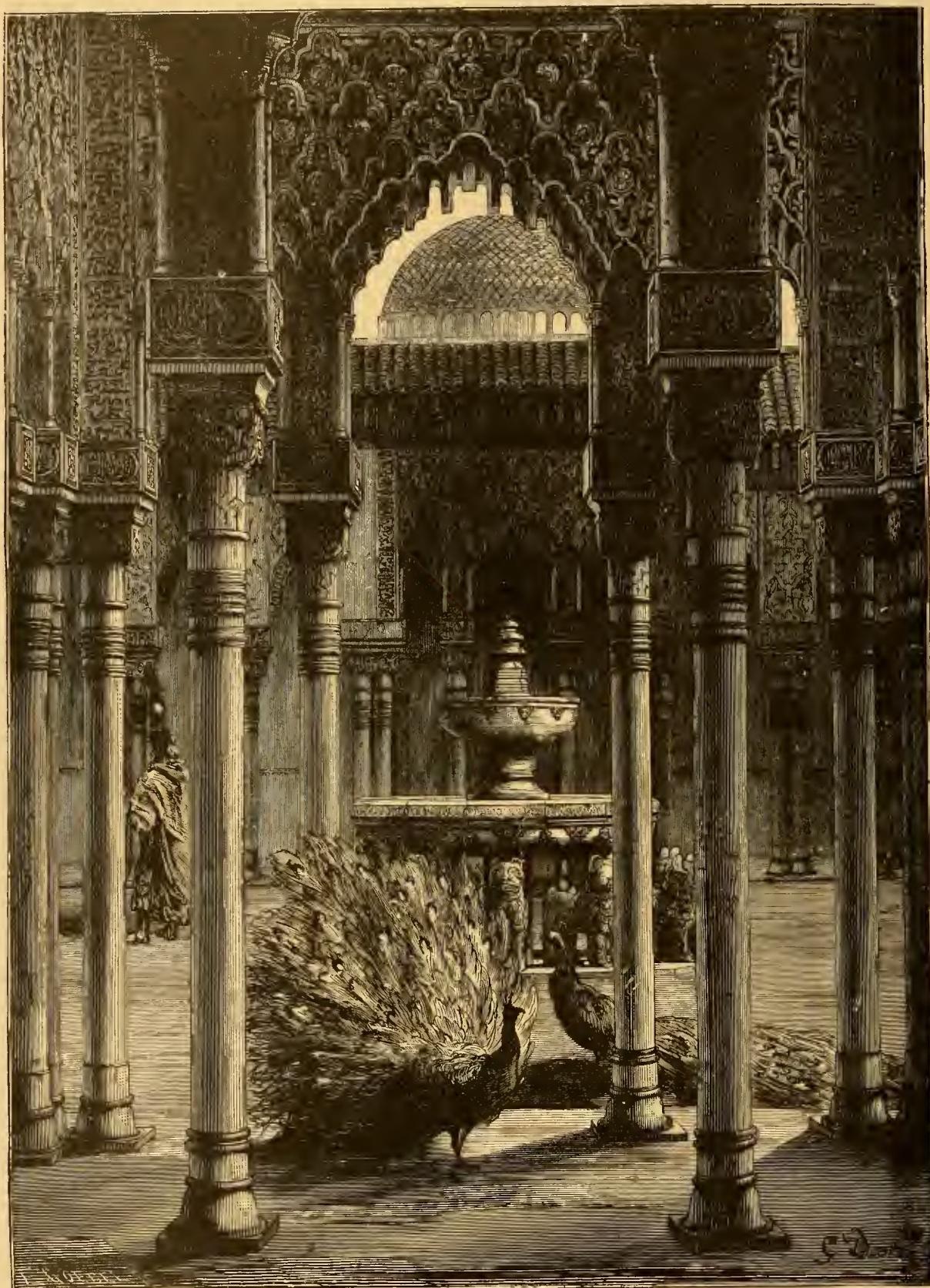
The situation of Granada is one of surpassing loveliness; to the west of it stretches the celebrated Vega, a beautiful verdant plain, dotted here and there with white hamlets and farm-houses. This plain has probably been the scene of more romantic and valiant exploits than any other piece of ground of its size in the world; its broad expanse of green is watered by the river Xenil, and numberless springs keep constantly verdant its shrubs and trees. The poorest houses which are scattered over its surface still bear marks of arabesques and tasteful decoration, which was so distinguishing a mark of the Moors. One writer likens the houses to rows of pearls set in an emerald cup. The hills which surround the Vega are crowned on their summits with perpetual snow, from which cool springs continually issue, and run down the mountain sides. On the slopes of the hills dismantled watch-towers lift their dilapidated heads, and remind us of the thousand years of strife and bloodshed which they have witnessed. Near the city lie orchards, gardens, groves, and vineyards.

An Arab poet says : "Granada has not its like in the world. Neither Cairo, nor Damascus, nor Bagdad, can compete with it. To give an idea of its excellence, we must compare it to a beautiful bride of whose dowry those cities should form a part."

In the year A. D. 1238, Mohammed al Hamar, a prince noted for the generosity of his nature and his prowess in battle, established his court in the city of Granada. Ten years had passed since he had assisted Ferdinand in the reduction of Seville, and he, then being in the height of his glory, laid the foundations of the Alhambra ; and it was his intention to erect a monument, in order that the generations which came after him should know how great had been the riches and the power of the kingdom of Granada. Every day a portion of his time was passed among the architects and masons who were employed in the construction of the building.

The accompanying view of the Alhambra represents the palace from the most picturesque point of view. The hill before us, on which is situated the Alhambra, palace and fortress, rises between the rivers Genil and Darro, to the height of two hundred feet. In very ancient times this hill was crowned by a fortress which was surrounded by a low wall called Kassabah al Hamra, or the red fortress, from the color of the soil of which the hill is composed ; and the present building received its name, not from its founder, but from the old fortress.

Near the entrance the visitor beholds at once the various rooms and



COURT OF THE LIONS.

courts of the Alhambra. Directly before him rises the lofty tower of Comares; to the left is the Torre de la Vela. To the right is the garden



PASS OF THE DESPENAPEROS.

and tower of the Lindaraja, and in front is the Court of the Lions. Everything about the Court of the Lions is in the most exquisite taste, and the designs and workmanship are of the highest order. The clustering columns which surround it are extremely light in appearance,—so light that they seem to be possessed of no stability; yet the ruthless hand of worse than neglect, during four centuries, has not in the slightest degree injured this “fair piece of filigree.” Its beauty is entrancing, even here in the Alhambra; the fancy displayed in the “Arabian Nights” could not imagine a scene of more perfect loveliness than this court displays, with its mosaic pavement, its balconies and galleries sustained by slender alabaster columns, its corridors and walls adorned with gold, silver, and purple.

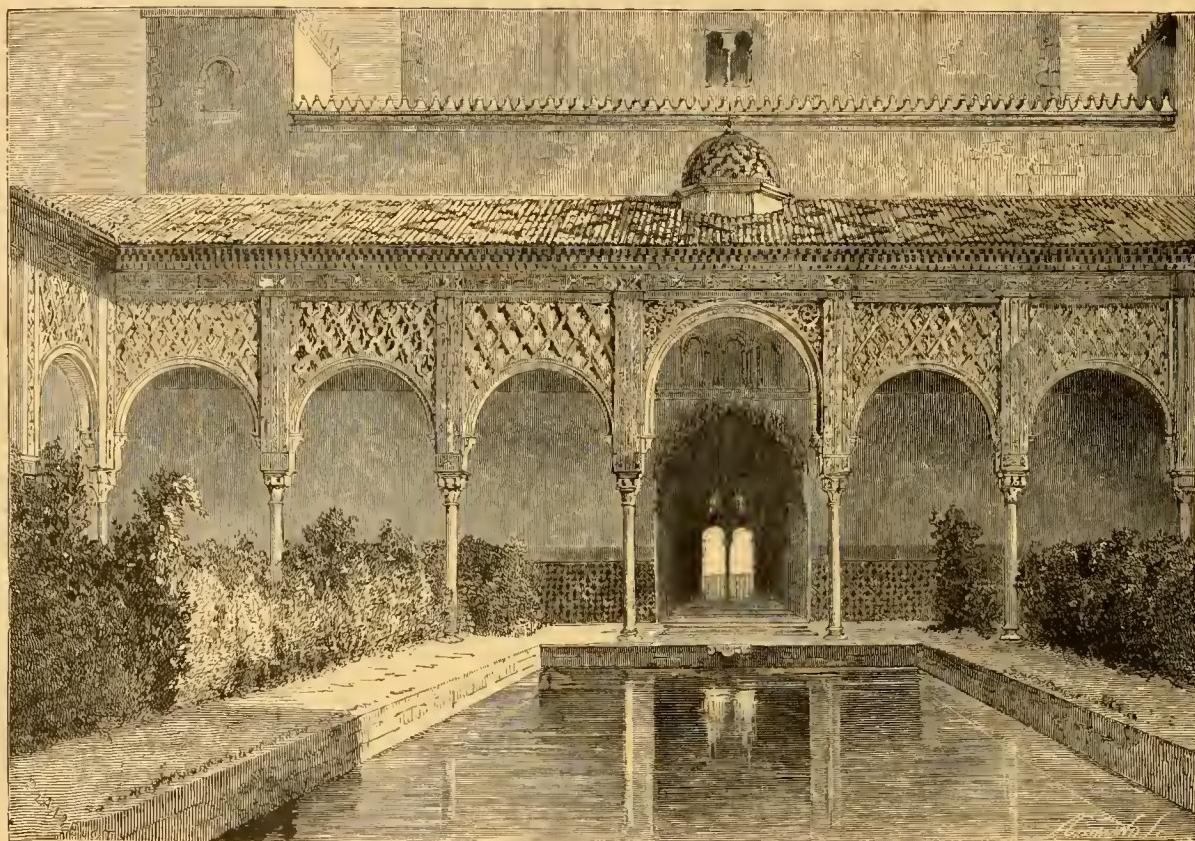
The fountain is supported on twelve rude figures of lions, from which the place takes its name. The inscription around the base of the fountain was: “Blessed be he who has given the monarch Mohammed a mansion which in beauty exceeds all other mansions. Here is a garden containing wonders of art, which God forbids should elsewhere be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl, glistening all around and spreading through the air its shower of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth exceeding even the marble itself in whiteness. What is this fountain but a beneficent cloud, pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions beneath, like the hands of the king, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the lions of war?”

One of the peculiarities of the Alhambra was its abundance of water. Besides the fountains there were courts, in the midst of which were large oblong glassy sheets, in which were seen repeated the architectural details, or in which was reflected the azure sky. A long, narrow bed of roses bordered the basin on either side, and a perennial stream stole in at one end and out of the other, leaving the surface nearly on a level with the paved floor.

In the Plaza de los Algibes is a large reservoir built by the ancient kings of Granada. The water is said to be the best in the city, and there are always around it inhabitants from the vicinity waiting their turn to procure a supply.

The traveller, desiring to see one of the most picturesque of Nature’s wonders, must leave the direct route from Granada to Barcelona, and go through the celebrated Pass of the Despenaperos. It is situated in the mountains of the Sierra Morena, or Brown Mountains, a chain which extends as far as Estremadura, dividing La Mancha from Andalusia. As a general

thing, nothing can exceed the bleakness and barrenness of these mountains. During the latter part of the past century, it was determined to build a road over them, and a celebrated engineer succeeded, after infinite pains, in constructing a highway which is one of the best high-roads in Europe. The rough rocks were faced, bridges were constructed, and a smooth and even road led the traveller to the Pass of the Despenaperos. Here the rocks approach so closely as to almost touch each other, and form as it were an arch over the heads of travellers. In the sketch the diversity of light and shadow is wonderfully brought out. The travellers ascending the road are almost lost

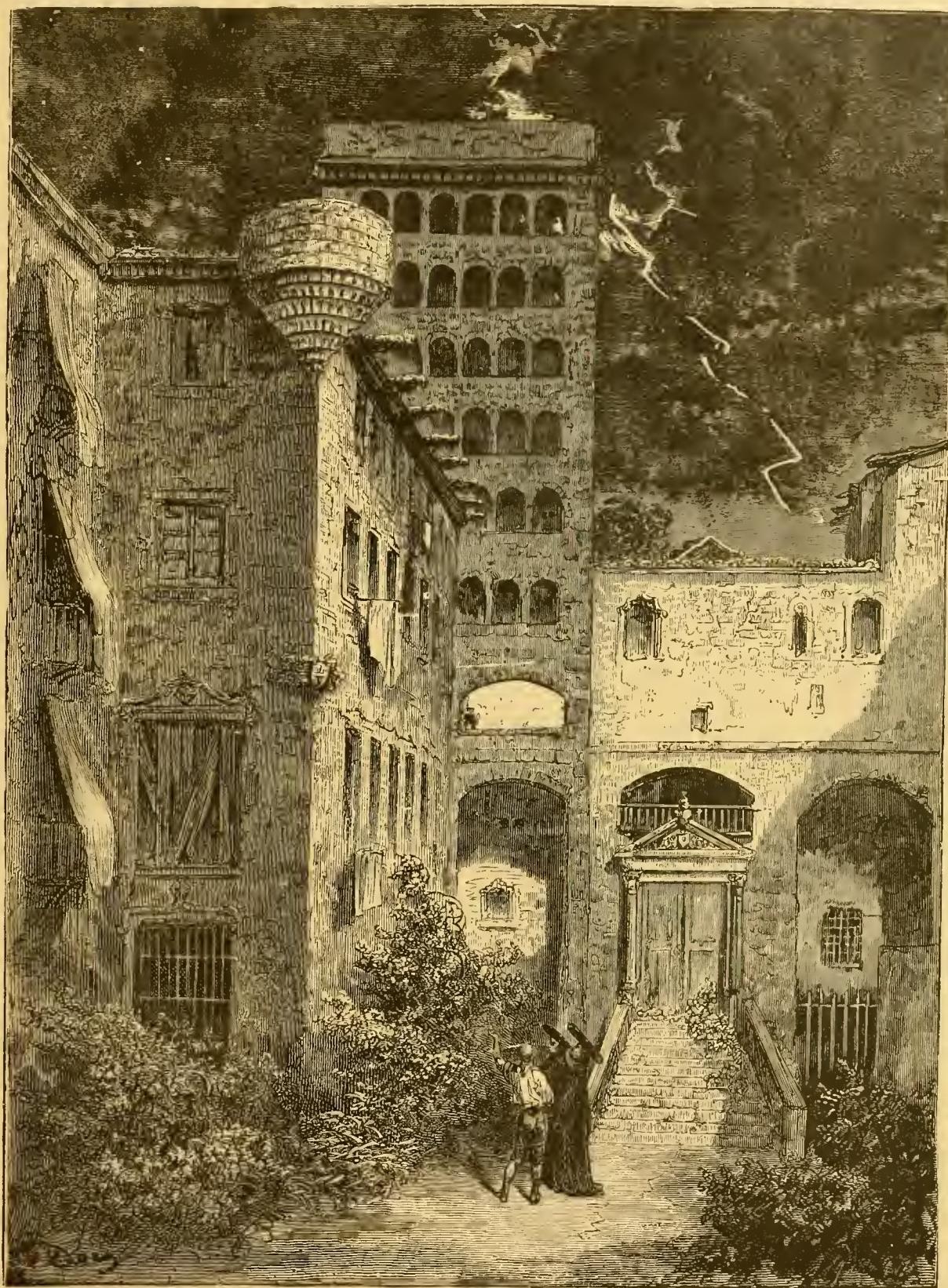


PATIO DE LA ALBERCA.

in the dark shadow of the overhanging cliffs, while on the other side of the abyss the sun is shining with almost a pure white light. Issuing from the pass, and ascending to the higher ground, we have spread out before us an extensive view in every direction. One can trace the long, weary journey from his first entrance into the mountains until he stands upon a level with their summits.

The city of Barcelona is situated in a plain bounded on the northeast by an amphitheatre of hills, while on the southwest the mountain of Monjuich defends it from the unwholesome winds which sweep over the marshes at the

mouth of the Llobregat. The form of the city is almost circular, being



THE INQUISITION, BARCELONA.

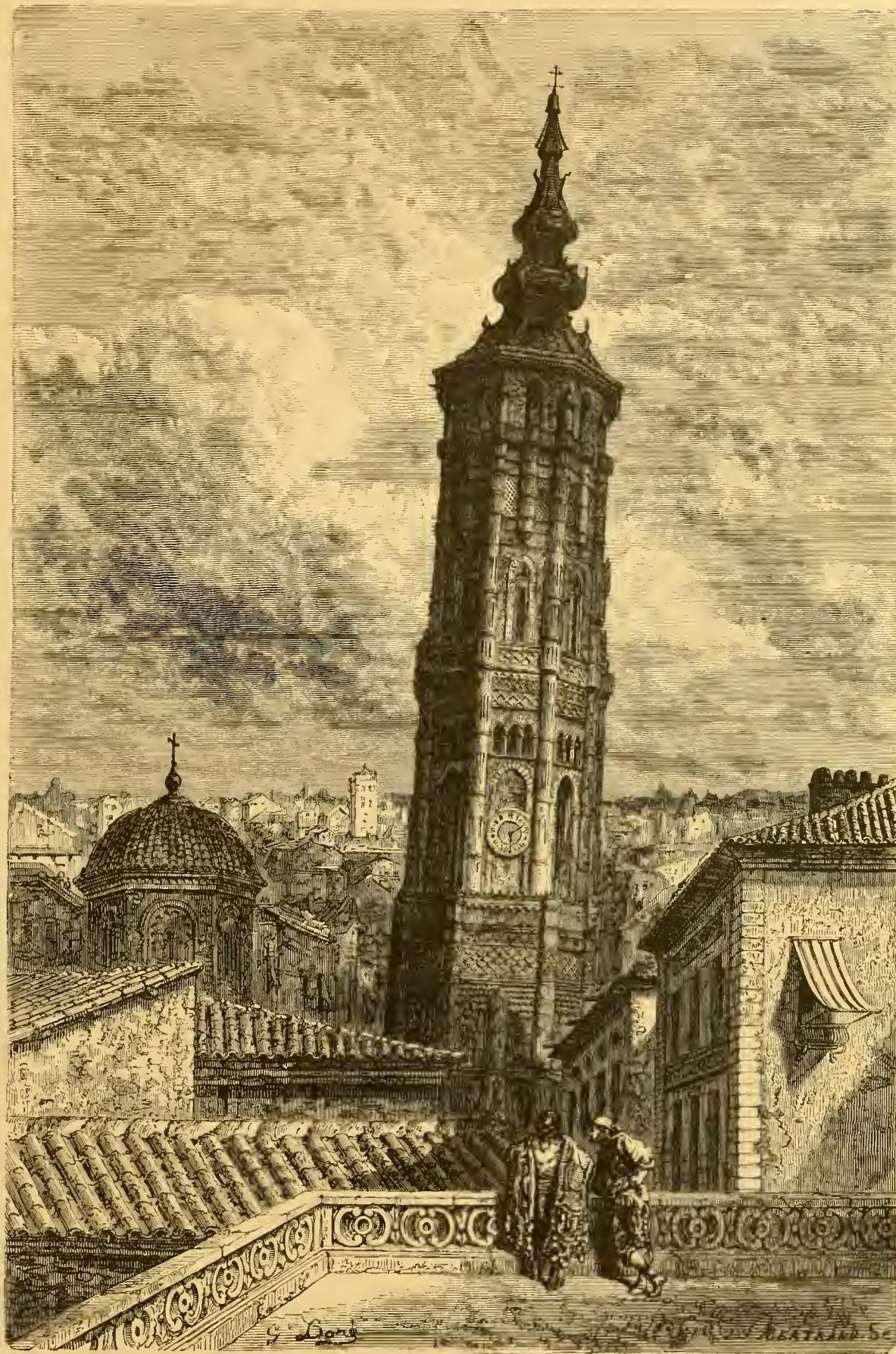
built round the old Roman town, which occupied a small eminence in the centre; traces of its ancient walls and other remains are still visible. The

sea has retired many hundred yards from the port-gates, and buildings are now standing on what was in former days the bottom of the harbor.

The prison of the Inquisition, a view of which we present, is exceedingly interesting: there is a sort of picturesque beauty in the huge, gloomy tower, pierced with tier above tier of narrow windows. It was within the walls of this building that the terrible tribunal sat. The inquisition in Spain is of especial interest from the fact that, although it had nominally existed for years, it was not until 1478 that it ceased to be a religious tribunal and became an affair of state. Having made an application to Pope Sixtus IV. to permit its reorganization, the crown assumed the right to appoint inquisitors. In 1483, inquisitors were appointed under the notorious Thomas de Torquemada; the Roman church was obliged to tolerate what it could not prevent, and the number of victims condemned to be burned during the sixteen years Torquemada was in power is stated by one historian to have been not less than nine thousand. Diego Deza, his successor, whose tenure of office lasted only half the space of time of his predecessor, is said to have put over sixteen hundred to death by the same means. Whether the above figures are to be relied upon or not, certain it is that it is impossible to contemplate the amount of cruelty practised by the holy inquisition without shuddering.

If a person were suspected of heresy, it was the custom of the inquisition to immediately arrest him and put him in prison; at the convenience of the judges he was brought up for trial. He was not allowed to face his accusers, or hear their evidence; and in case this was not deemed sufficient, the accused himself was put to the rack in order to obtain from him a confession of guilt: in case he was found guilty,—and very few escaped from the secret trial,—the victim was either burned at the stake, executed on the scaffold, or doomed to pass his life in solitary imprisonment. As we look upon this ancient Inquisition at Barcelona, we shudder as we call to mind the thousands of innocent persons who have within its walls fallen victims to the usages of a barbarous age. It was long, however, in falling into disuse; under the rule of Joseph Bonaparte it was suppressed, but at the restoration it again showed its horrid head; and it was not until 1835 that it was finally abolished, and Spain forever freed from its rigorous and unjust proceedings.

Leaving Barcelona, we proceed in a northeasterly direction to the city of Saragossa. It is situated in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain irrigated by the Ebro. This noble stream separates the city from the suburb,

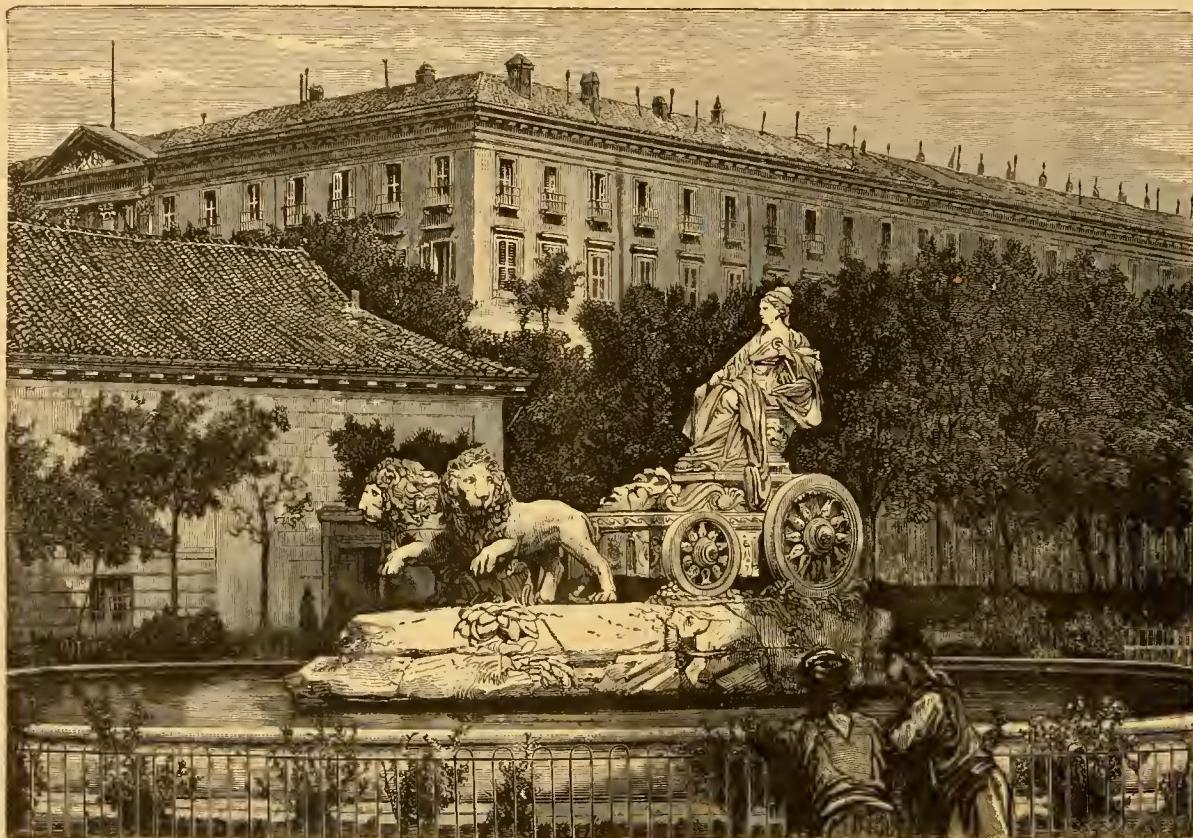


THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.

and is crossed by good stone bridges. As you approach the city, its towers and spires give it an imposing appearance; but when within its walls, the traveller is disgusted by the narrowness of its streets. It is bounded on either hand by high and distant mountains. The city is built of brick; the houses are not so high as they usually are in old Spanish towns; the streets are narrow and crooked, with the exception of the Corso, or principal street; the more pretentious edifices, which were once occupied by the nobility, have been suffered to go to decay, their opulent owners preferring the more fashionable city of Madrid. There are many very interesting public buildings in Saragossa, among which may be mentioned the two Cathedrals, the Archiepiscopal Palace, and the Exchange. One of the principal objects of interest in Saragossa is the Leaning Tower, sometimes called the Tower of San Felipe, an octangular clock-tower, which, like the towers of Pisa and Bologna, leans considerably out of the perpendicular. It does not, however, lean so much as the Tower at Pisa; that is more than sixteen feet from off the centre of gravity, the Tower of San Felipe only nine. The architecture of this tower is of Moorish design, and is considered very elaborate.

The history of the siege of Saragossa during the first year of the Peninsular war presents one of the most romantic displays of patriotism in the annals of history. The French, despising alike the strength of the place and the character of the people, thought to take the city by storm. On the 15th of June, 1808, a party of the enemy entered the city, all of whom were slain, and the French commander, Lefebvre, was compelled to draw off his troops beyond the reach of their guns. On the 27th, having been reinforced, they renewed the assault, and were again repulsed; but the Terrero was taken; and from this spot the French showered down shells and grenades into the city, where there was not one building bomb-proof, while they continued to invest it more closely. During the night of the 28th, the powder-magazine, in the very heart of the city, blew up, it was supposed through treachery, destroying fourteen houses and about two hundred persons. At this signal a fresh attack was made on the city, which was directed chiefly against the Portillo Gate. Here the battery, which had been formed of sand-bags piled up before the gate, was repeatedly destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. It was on this occasion that Augustina Zaragoza, a beautiful young woman of the lower orders, came to the battery with a supply of refreshments for the troops. She arrived at the moment when not

a man was left alive to serve the batteries. At once she formed her resolution. Snatching a match from the hand of a dying artillery-man, she applied it to a loaded twenty-six pound gun, vowing never to quit the gun alive. The men of Saragossa, at the sight of such undaunted courage, rushed to her support, and the fire from the battery was renewed with greater vehemence than before, and the French were repulsed at all points with great slaughter. Such is the story of the "Maid of Saragossa."



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE CYBELE.

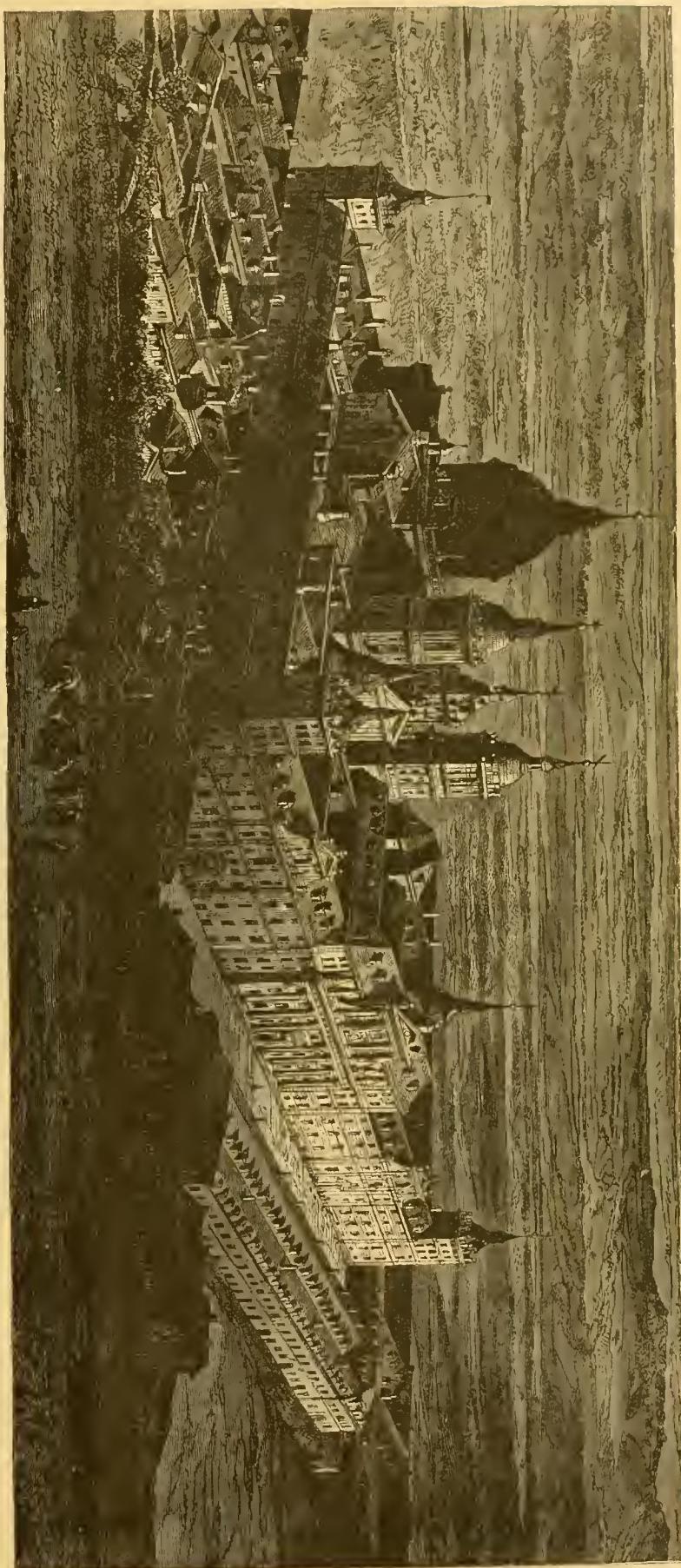
A few miles from Segovia stands the Château of La Granja, a summer residence of the royal family: it takes its name from the farm or grange on which this castle was built. This palace was erected by Philip IV. in 1720; the style of architecture is copied from the French of the time of the regency of Louis XV. The statues which adorn the building were executed by French artists. The facade is remarkable for its rich ornamentation, although the details are not always in good taste. The château is often compared to Versailles, and is a Versailles in miniature; it is surrounded by a vast park, filled with statues, grottos, basins of water, and fountains that have a more abundant supply of water than Versailles itself. One fountain

especially attracts our attention,—The Fountain of Fame, so called, which is said to throw a jet of water one hundred and fifty feet into the air.

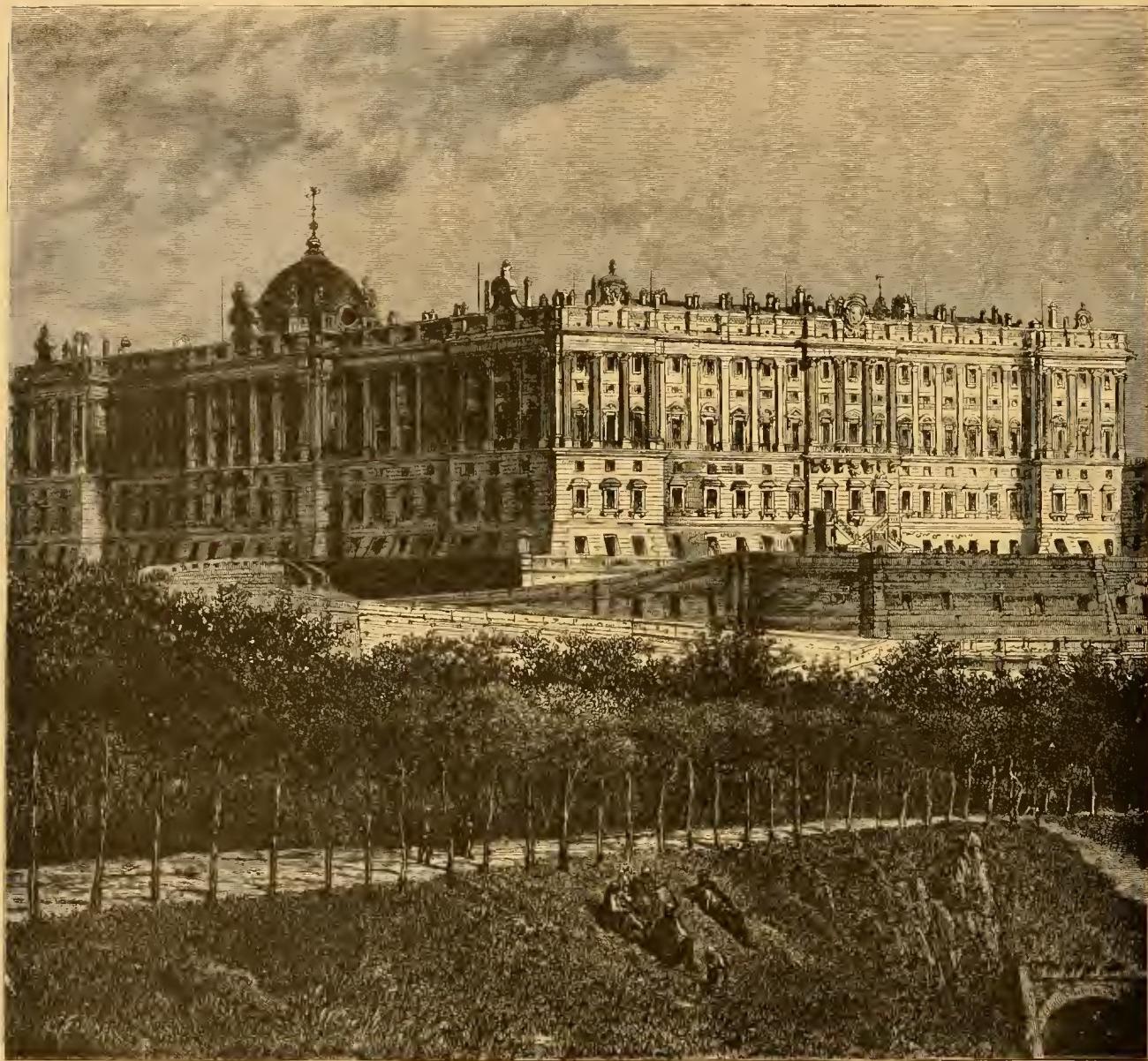
The traveller, in journeying from Madrid toward the Escorial, passes through a lonely and desolate country. After leaving the bridge San Fernando, the whole way is uninteresting, the country barren, the soil poor, and the inhabitants rude and boorish. The Escorial rises in gloomy state, surrounded by peaks of naked rock ; around its walls are clustered mean and insignificant buildings, which detract greatly from its general effect. It is erected on the site of an old iron mine ; from out the pit the workmen threw their slag and cinders, and from these refuse heaps the place was named.

Popular tradition ascribes the founding of the Escorial to the victory gained by the Spanish forces over the French at the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought on the 10th of August, 1557. It is related of Philip II., that while

THE ESCORIAL.

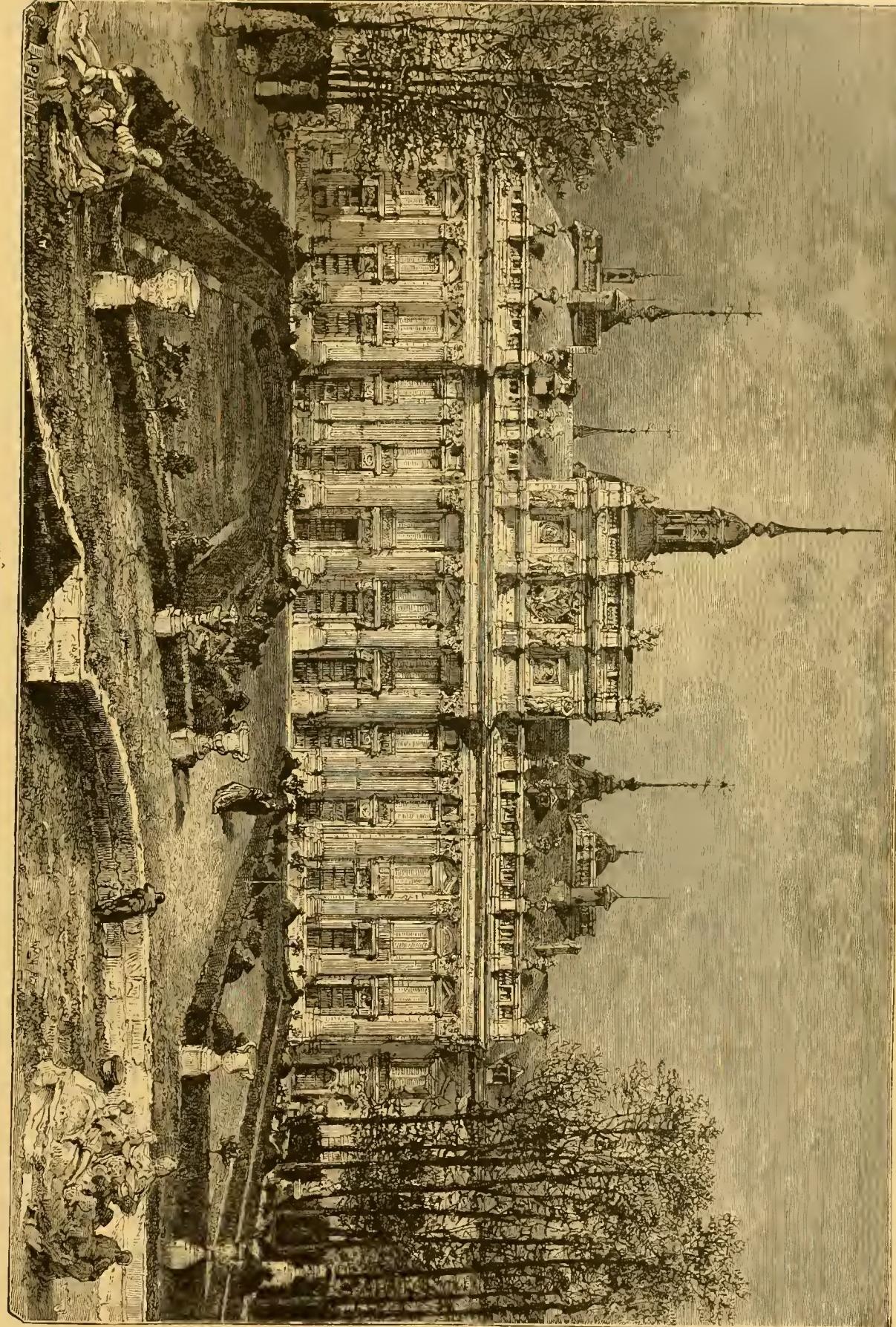


the battle was in progress, he was kneeling between two confessors, and vowing convents and monasteries to San Lorenzo, whose anniversary it was, if he would only give victory to the Spanish arms. Whatever connection his prayers had with it we cannot say, but, thanks to the bravery of their leader, Philibert of Savoy, the Spanish troops were victorious, and Philip kept



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

his promise. Five years after the battle of St. Quentin, in 1563, the royal monastery of San Lorenzo was founded; various architects are credited with its design. It is built in the shape of an immense gridiron, because San Lorenzo is supposed to have broiled on a gridiron. It was, therefore, deemed appropriate that this stupendous temple in his honor should be in the form of a gridiron laid on its back,—four towers for its upturned legs, parallel

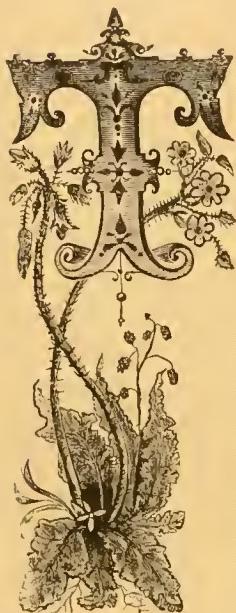


CHÂTEAU OF THE GRANGE.

ranges of buildings for the bars, and a long structure, the royal apartments, for the handle. It was erected as a burial-place for Spanish royalty, as well as for a monastery. The library is very rich in rare books, in spite of the ravages of war and fire. A singular fact in connection with this library is that the books have their backs all turned to the wall, and their edges outward. Over the door is seen the threat of excommunication against all who should steal books from the library.

Madrid has not that flavor of great antiquity which has so charmed us in other cities in the Iberian peninsula. There was a time when the site of Madrid was only a hunting-seat, and when its vicinity was covered with vast forests, in which roamed boars and bears. On account of its hunting facilities it became the favorite resort of Spanish royalty. When Charles V., phlegmatic and wearied by the gout, found relief in its bracing air, he deserted the former residence of royalty, and here laid the foundation of the present city. But as it did not become the capital of Spain until the time of Philip II., it does not boast of many very elegant buildings. The edifice which contributes most to the architectural embellishment of the city is the Royal Palace. It is one of the most magnificent palaces, not only in Spain, but in the world. It occupies the site of the Alcazar, or Castle of the Moors, which was burned in 1734. The base is constructed of granite, and the facing of the windows of white Colmenar stone; the architecture is a commingling of the Ionic and Doric. Within, there is a small chapel in the pure Corinthian style, and the library is rich in the number and value of its treasures. This palace is nearly five hundred feet in length, and looms up so that it is easily seen for many miles. The entrances and ground-floor appear more like those of some mighty fortress than of the peaceful habitation of the rulers of Spain.

NORTHERN PROVINCES OF PORTUGAL.



THE kingdom of Portugal is a mere offset of the Spanish monarchy: under the name of Lusitania it was a province of Roman Spain; in later days it shared with that country the ravages of the Suevi and the Visigoths, and, still later, was overrun and occupied by the Moors. Early in the eleventh century, Henry of Burgundy, for the very important services which he had rendered to Alfonso VI. of Castile, obtained the hand of his daughter, with the government and possession of all the lands in Portugal, whence he had expelled the Moors, and which were erected into an hereditary earldom. The son of this marriage, the brave Alfonso Henriquez, who succeeded his father in 1112,—having obtained a miraculous victory over five Moorish kings on the plains of Ourique,—was proclaimed, by the unanimous voice of his troops, King of Portugal. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more lovely scene than is presented to the traveller as his carriage descends the mountains which surround the bay of Vigo. Villages and churches are seen here and there on the shore, while in a corner towards the southeast, and extending from the base of a lofty hill some way up its side, appears Vigo itself, glittering with its houses of white, surmounted by its venerable castle, and forming one of the most prominent objects of the whole view.

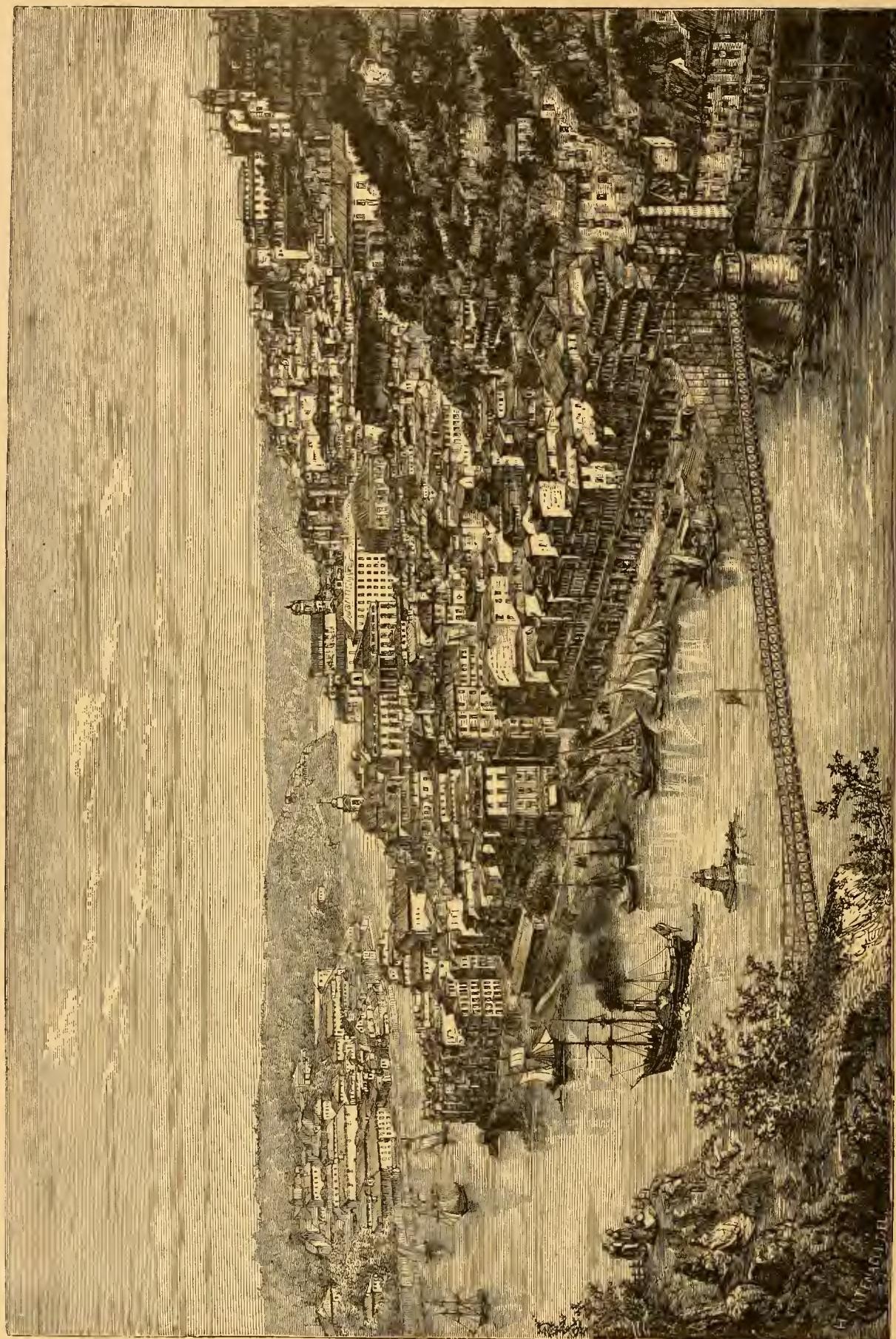
From Vigo to Seixas is a ride of several hours, when the carriage is exchanged for mules, and there follows a long ride through a wilderness whose grandeur and sublimity is equalled only by the tediousness of the journey. From Vianna to Barcellos the road is miserable. Indeed, Portugal is noted for

bad roads. One over which a carriage can pass is a rarity. The high-roads are often so narrow that two persons cannot ride abreast on them; and not unfrequently they are so covered with mud that one quite pities the horses as they pass through it. Often they are more than ankle-deep in water, and sometimes paved with huge stones, which make the horses slip and stumble as if they were going every minute to fall, and seem designed to impede, as much as possible, the progress of man and beast, and whatever else passes over them. Barcellos is beautifully situated on the Cavado, over which stands a venerable bridge connecting the portions of the town on the opposite banks.



BARCELLOS.

The dress of the men offers few peculiar features, and differs little from that of the peasantry of the south of France. In speaking of the dress of the ancient inhabitants of the peninsula, Strabo says that the Lusitanians wore black cloaks, on account of their sheep being principally of that hue. It is probably for the same reason that the clothes of the Portuguese of the present day are either brown or black. The costume of the women possesses a great deal of character. The skirt, with flat plaits, is short and



VIEW OF OPORTO.

sometimes drawn up through a girdle high enough to show more than half the leg, which is generally bare. The body of the dress, fastened across the

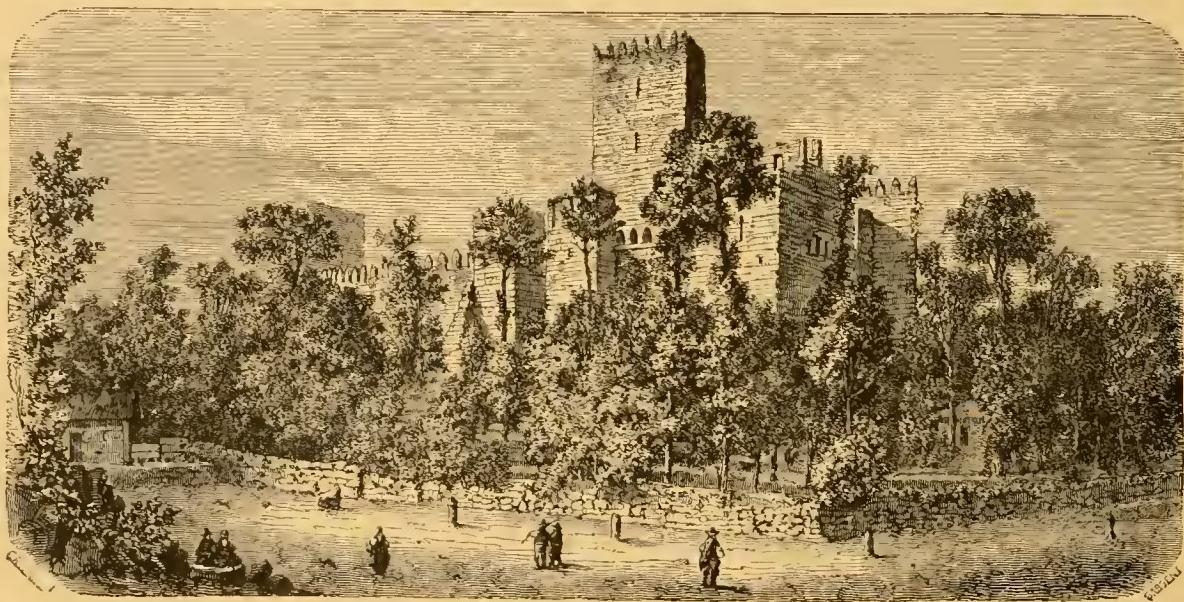
chest with two or three silver buttons, fits close to the figure, and being separate from the skirt, allows the chemise to puff out around the waist. The sleeves, which are those of the chemise, are wide, and occasionally worn rolled up. The head-dress consists of a wide-brimmed hat of black felt, sometimes adorned with tufts, and nearly always wrapped round with the *lenço*, or white handkerchief, whose folds, falling over the neck and shoulders of the wearer, protect them from the sun. Long ear-rings, and sometimes gold necklaces and chains, complete this picturesque costume, of which yellow, red, and bright green are the predominating colors.

The principal part of the town of Barcellos stands on the right bank of the river, which slopes considerably. The streets and houses are good. The population is about four thousand.

The road between Vianna and Oporto, for the greater part of the way, is much of the same character as described. The Moors have left evident traces of their former occupation of the country, on both the style of its buildings and the features of its inhabitants. Oporto (see page 94) is a very fine and imposing city, situated on two granite hills on the north bank of the Douro. On the left bank of the river, connected with Oporto by a suspension bridge, is Villa-Nova de Gaia, the ancient *Portus Cale*. The Cathedral and the Episcopal Palace overlook the town, while the Convent of Serra do Pilar, turned into a fortress by Dom Pedro in 1832, protects or keeps in order the suburbs. The port is crowded with shipping, bearing the flags of all nations. The streets running from the base to the summit of the hills are almost perpendicular,—regular stairs cut out of the solid rock; and the Douro almost disappears in the gloom into which it is thrown by the inaccessible hills that form its banks. The effect thus produced is, from a distance, most picturesque; but it is not improbable that the inhabitants would prefer a city easier to travel through, and even an artist would gladly yield a little of the unevenness of the ground for the sake of a little more national coloring, and have it less French, less English, and more Portuguese in its architecture. Oporto is, above all, a business city, and the water-side, the quays, the adjacent streets, particularly the "Rua Nova dos Inglezes," where a kind of open-air exchange is held, are all devoted to commerce. The celebrated wines of the Douro, so well known to us under the name of "port-wines," are stored in Villa-Nova de Gaia, where are also in full operation many distilleries, tanneries, chemical factories, silk factories, &c. The nobility,

whose influence has considerably decreased since the fall of Dom Miguel, have their mansions grouped near the cathedral; the finest and best stores and shops are found in the "Rua das Flores," a very agreeable lounge for people of leisure; the money-changers and bankers have their offices in the "Largo da Feira," and the sailors congregate by the water side, in the old part of the town, in dark, gloomy, and hardly accessible streets.

The banks of the Douro are most beautiful and romantic, and afford the people of Oporto many charming views from different parts of their city; while there are many sweet spots on it, a short distance off, to which they resort when they wish to enjoy a day's pleasure, apart from the "crowd and hum of men."



THE CASTLE OF GUIMARAÊS.

A day's journey takes one to Guimaraês. Its situation is enchanting, in a circular amphitheatre, nestled among mountains, and it is historically one of the most famous cities in Portugal. Here Count Henry held his court when the country was as yet but an earldom; and in this place was born his son, Alfonso Henriquez, surnamed "the Victorious," who was its first king. The appearance of the city corresponds well with both the beauty of its position and its historical celebrity. Its streets are fair and wide; its buildings quaint and picturesque; and even the very pavement, consisting principally of rude, irregular flag-stones, contributes to it a mediæval character. The square is worth describing. On the east is the Cathedral, a small but venerable structure of the fourteenth century; adjoining it, immediately in front, is a fountain, the very sight of which, besides being in such a climate agreeable

and refreshing, carries one back to times of antiquity; at a short distance towards the south is a beautiful stone canopied market cross; whilst in a corner at the northwest, painted blue, surmounted by a cross and raised on a cloister, is the Hôtel de Ville. The houses, with their projecting roofs and balconied windows, are quite in harmony with the other buildings. It was one of the most frequented parts of the city, and yet an air of religious solemnity, by no means partaking of gloom nor at all inconsistent with cheerfulness, seems to pervade the whole scene, affording an apt illustration of



CATHEDRAL OF GUIMARAÊS.

the influence which Christianity should exercise over the actions and pursuits of daily life. The ruins of the Castle are (see page 96) situated on a rising ground near the town. They are fine and interesting, but by no means extensive. The Cathedral, which we here present, is dedicated to Nossa-Senhora da Oliveira, a name due to a curious old legend. In the time of the Goths, Wamba was in the act of ploughing a field, and with the goad in his hand stimulated his oxen, when the delegates of the nobility came to him to announce his accession to the throne. Surprised and incredulous, Wamba, who had never thought of obtaining the crown, replied that he would be

king when his goad, which he struck into the ground as he spoke, should bring forth leaves. By a wonderful effect of vegetation, or, rather, as the legend says, by the miraculous intervention of Heaven, the goad took root immediately, and was suddenly covered with branches, leaves, and fruit. The remembrance of this prodigy is not confined to the church, for in front of Nossa-Senhora da Oliveira, the *Padrao* (monument) stands, a witness of the worship yielded to the tradition of the olive-tree. This monument, a small Gothic building of the early part of the fourteenth century, and due to the piety of Dom Joao I., stands close to the spot where the miracle is supposed to have occurred; and the very olive-tree of Wamba, or at least a shoot from it, is there still, surrounded by an iron railing, spreading forth its branches, young and vigorous, yet honored, venerated, and almost worshipped by every succeeding generation for the last ten centuries.

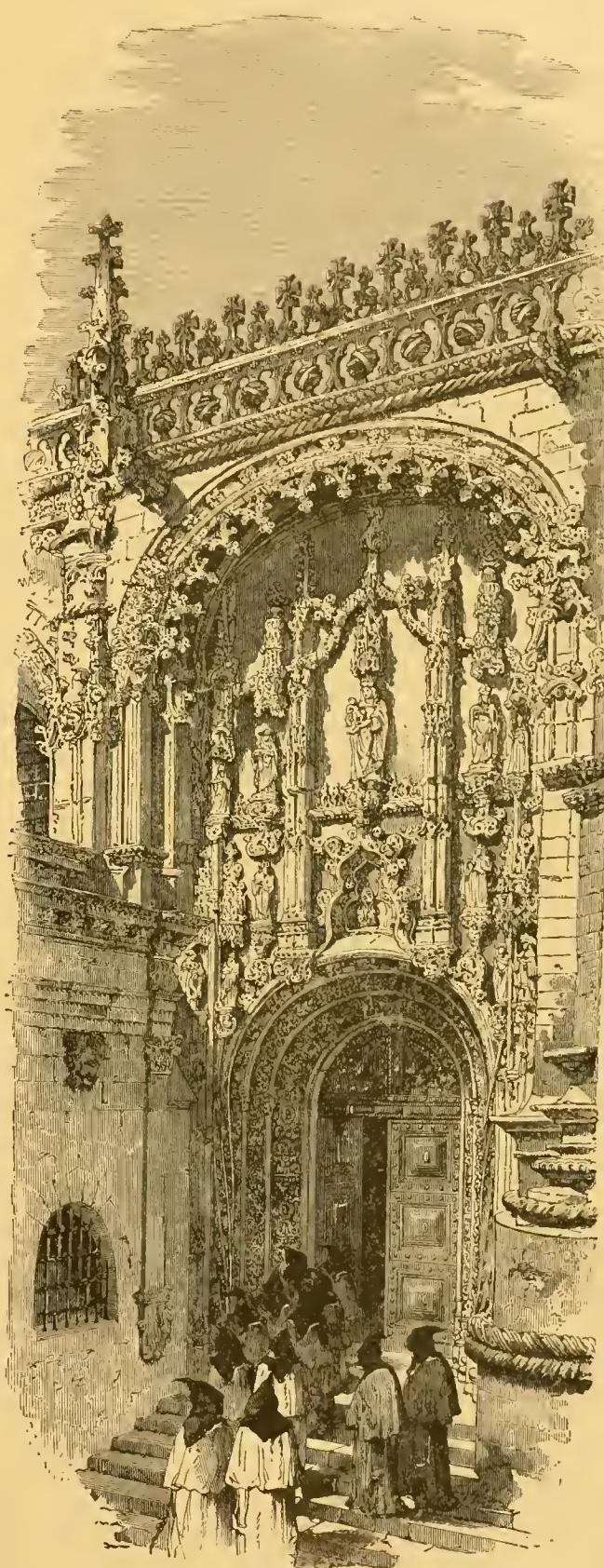
The Cathedral is a nice old building, but it has received some grievous mutilations without, and has been miserably Italianized within. The cloisters are venerable and tolerably extensive. One is shown, in the sacristy, the pelote worn by Dom Joao I. at the battle of Aljubarrota, which was fought August 14, 1385, and a silver altar, in the form of a triptych, representing the different events connected with Our Lord's nativity, taken from the portable chapel of Don Juan, King of Castile, after the same battle. The anniversary of this victory is still kept at Guimaraës, as a day of religious rejoicing. Guimaraës is a manufacturing town of about nine thousand inhabitants.

Thomar is a very pretty, clean-looking town, pleasantly situated on the river Nabao, and claims the attention of the traveller as possessing the finest architectural treasure in the whole kingdom,—the Convent of the Military Order of Christ.

This order was founded in 1338 by King Diniz, who declared its knights the heirs and successors of the Order of the Temple, suppressed in 1312. At first established at Castel Marim, opposite the African coast, the headquarters of the Order of Christ were, in 1320, transferred to Thomar, where they remained until the law of 1834 closed all the monastic establishments of the kingdom. Masters of the property and privileges formerly held by the Templars, possessing twenty-one towns and four hundred and seventy-two commanderies, these knights inaugurated a new era in the world's history. Taking the initiative of great maritime discoveries, they obtained, under their grand-master, the Infant Henry, son of Dom Joao I., the exclusive monopoly

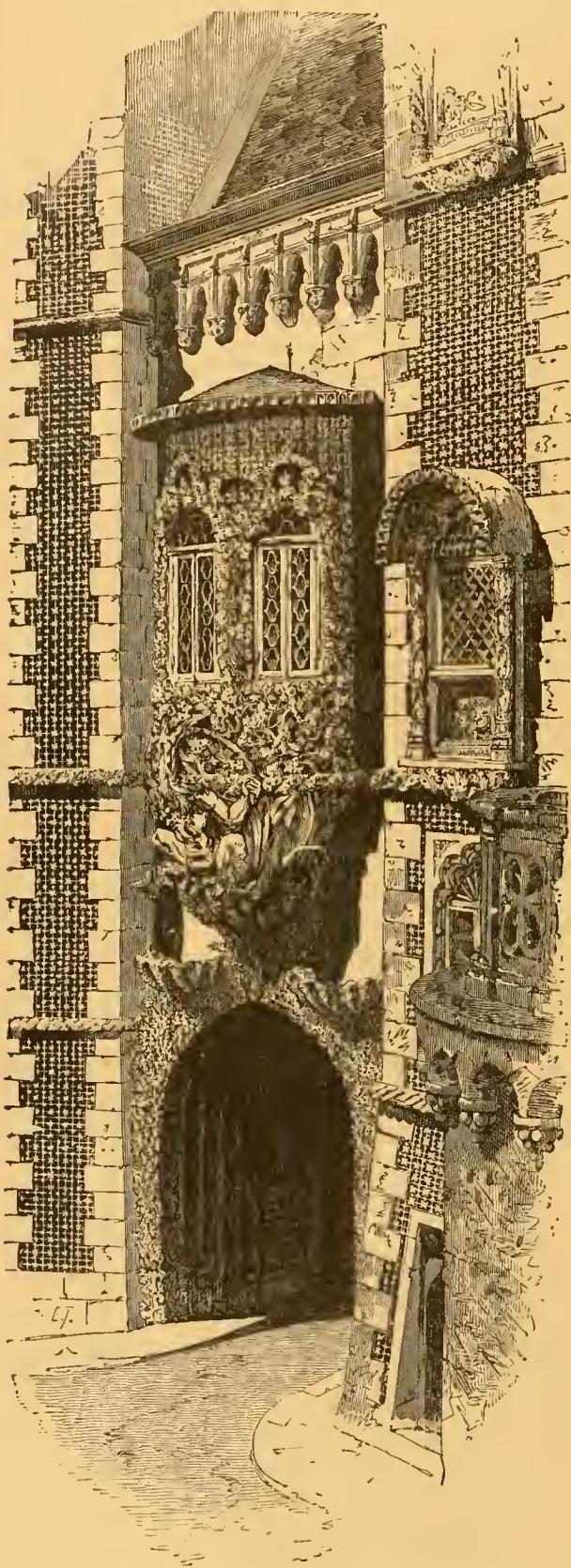
of distant and extended navigation, and became famous by their wonderful exploits. It was their banner that Vasco de Gama bore to India,—their banner that Alvarez Cabral planted on the shores of the Brazils. Ascending a noble flight of steps, one passes into the church through a beautiful cloistered court, wherein several knights had been buried. The sanctuary is circular, and in the centre of it is the high altar, under an octagonal canopy of stone, gorgeously gilt and painted, and supported by very massive pillars. The great entrance on the south is indescribably rich, adorned with images of the Virgin and Child, of bishops, saints, and doctors of the church. The west end, too, is covered with gorgeous carving. The church-bell is the largest in Portugal. The *Casa do Capitulo*, or Chapter House, built by D. Manoel, is a long, low room, with a stone roof, under the Coro Alto, and of which the portal (a view of which we here give) is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect. On the tympanum of the archway is a screen richly decorated with a dozen statues, of which that of the Virgin occupies the centre. From the windows of the monastery are obtained magnificent views of the town and a wide expanse of country.

The situation of Lisbon, standing on several hills on the right bank of the Tagus, is truly magnificent; and so is the view of it from the river.



PORTAL OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE.

The Praça do Commercio is said to be the finest square in Europe. Its

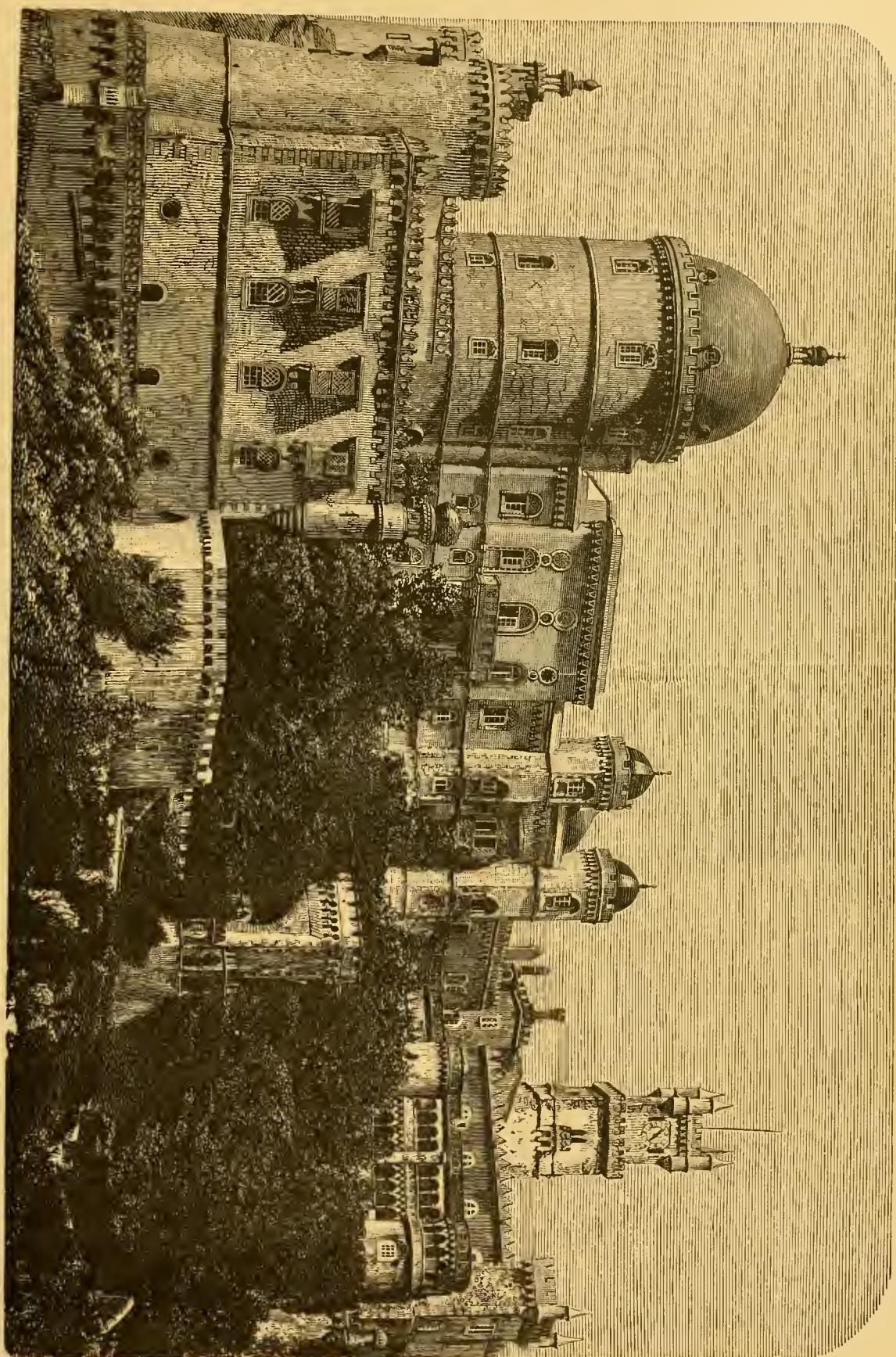


GATE OF THE CASTLE OF PINTRA DE CINTRA.

a valley of the sweetest luxuriance. The royal palace is a large irregular building of Moorish origin, as is evident from its architecture and construction,

length is six hundred and fifteen feet, its breadth five hundred and fifty. It is open on the south to the Tagus ; but the three other sides are surrounded with buildings, comprising the Exchange, Custom House, and other public offices connected with the commerce and government of the country. In the centre is an immense equestrian statue in bronze of Dom José, the only one ever erected to a Portuguese monarch, and considered of remarkable excellence. The sculptor was Joaquim Machado de Castro, a native of Portugal, who died in 1822, at the age of ninety.

The road from Lisbon to Cintra is good, but there is nothing particularly interesting in the country through which one passes. The first view of Cintra which is obtained when entered from this direction is wild and rugged, consisting principally of a succession of rocky peaks, rising to an immense elevation in naked barrenness. When, however, it is fairly reached, there are other features added to the scene which quite change its character. Below these rocks, which seem to have been formed by some natural convulsion, is a mountain-height covered with all kinds and degrees of verdure, sloping down into



CASTLE OF PINTRA DE CINTRA.

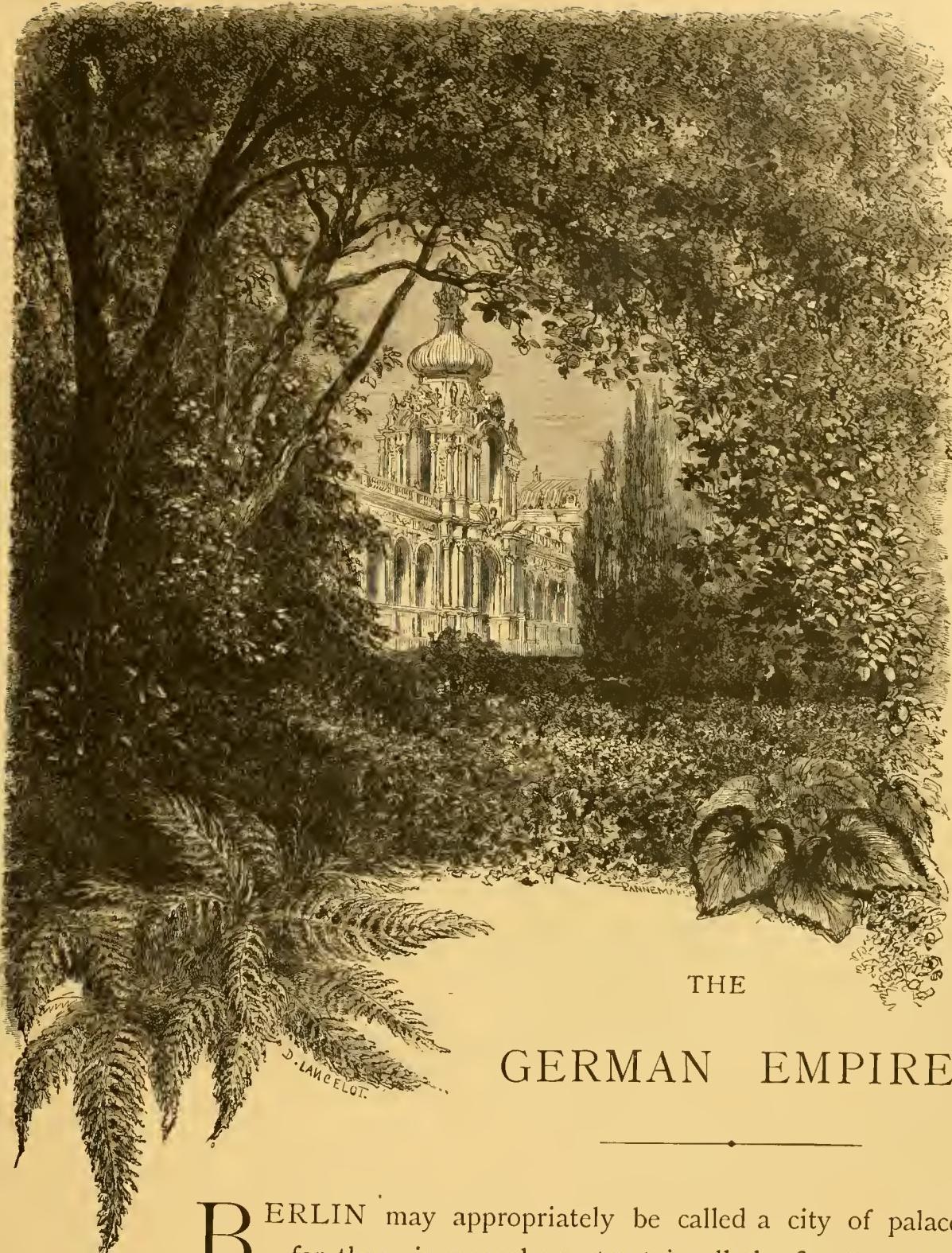
but with many additions from successive Portuguese sovereigns. The windows, on the exterior, were surrounded with arabesque ornaments. One of

the rooms, with a marble floor, contained in its centre a circular reservoir filled with water, around which, it is said, its first inhabitants used to luxuriate in the heat of the day. There are also fountains and *jets d'eau* to be met with in other parts, one of which, in a court adjoining the bath-room, is sometimes employed to sprinkle visitors unawares. All these bring to mind the founders of the palace: but it is also rich in historical reminiscences of a later date. Thus, one room is pointed out in which the unfortunate Sebastian held his last audience, and the chair in which he sat, before he set out on his unhappy expedition into Africa, from which he never returned; another, with a handsome tiled floor, part of which is worn by the footsteps of Dom Affonso VI., who was here kept prisoner for the last fifteen years of his life, after he had been most deservedly compelled to abdicate the throne; another, the roof of which is adorned with the royal arms of Portugal, the escutcheons of the sons and daughters of Dom Manoel, and those of the Portuguese nobility. To this apartment there is a magnificent marble doorway of Moorish architecture, and from its windows with the aid of a glass is had a very good view of the palace of Mafra.

Mafra, a convent, church, and palace in one, was commenced in 1717 by Dom Joao V., on the plans of a German named Ludovici. It was situated, by a royal whim, in the midst of a gloomy and barren spot. It contains eight hundred and seventy apartments, five thousand two hundred windows, three hundred cells, and three churches, of which the principal is a copy of St. Peter's at Rome.

Mafra ruined Portugal. When the king died in 1750, the treasury was empty, not enough money being left to pay for Masses for the deceased.

Portugal is not a large nation, but it has played a part in the past that puts it on a level with great countries, and it is artistically and historically most interesting. The Portuguese, far from resting on the laurels won in the past, appreciates the present, and its events and progress. Intellect, temperament, and instinct,—all appear to be reawakened in him. Some prejudices that retard his progress, he may still retain; but they must soon yield to truth and reason, and then nothing can prevent the present from comparing favorably with so glorious a past.



THE
GERMAN EMPIRE.

BERLIN may appropriately be called a city of palaces, for there is scarcely a street in all the five towns and as many suburbs that go to make up the great city, that does not boast of some splendid public building, or some palace either of the royal family or of the higher nobility. Other European capitals have their one or two handsome quarters, but the fine houses of Berlin are on every hand. Domes, colonnades, and all the elegances of Greek architecture meet the eye wherever we turn, and from the width of the streets, and the agreeable variety

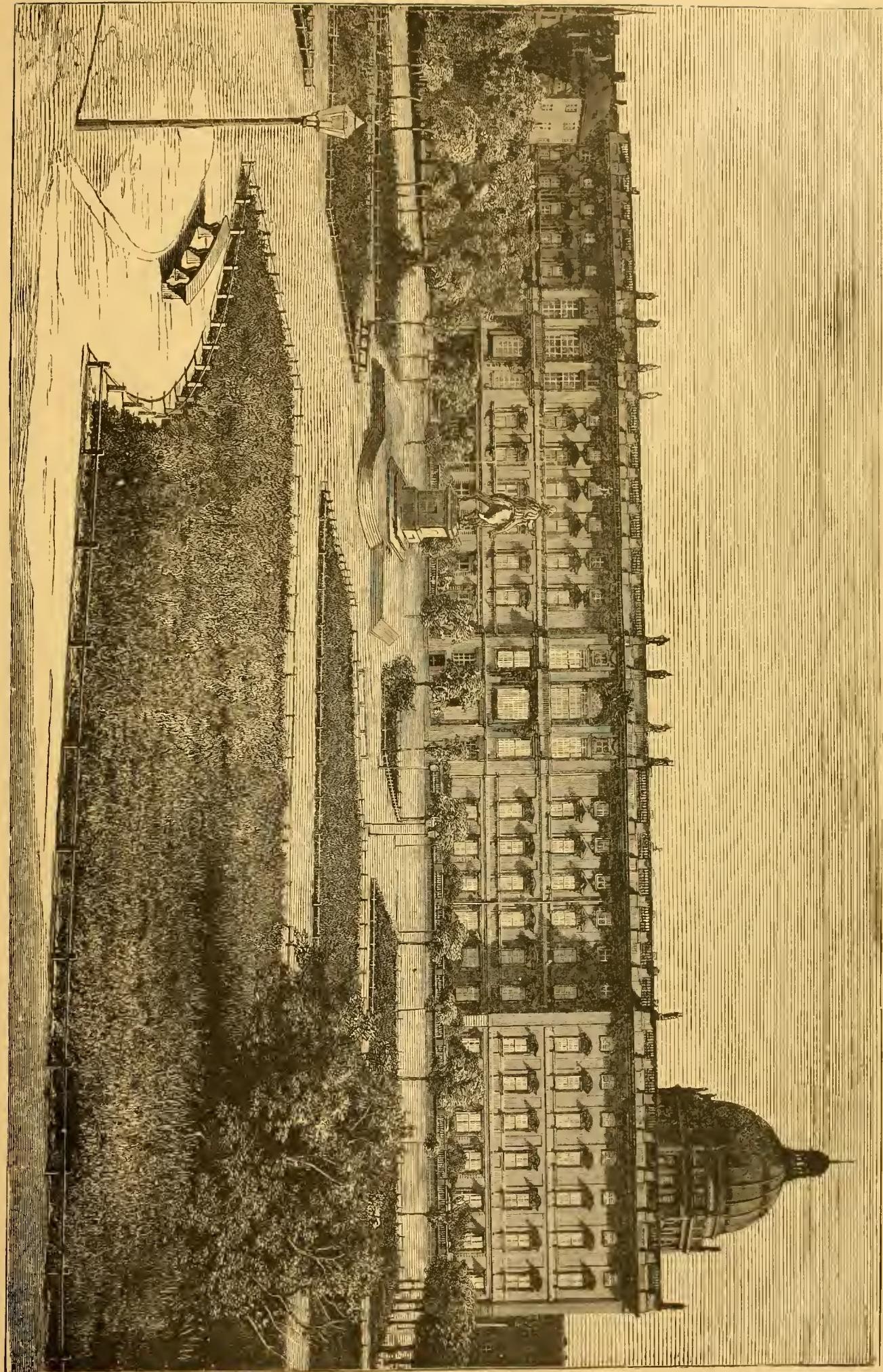
of avenues of trees and flower-gardens intervening, each building is seen to the best advantage.

The Emperor's Palace is the main feature of the city, owing much of its imposing appearance to its colossal size. Its length is four hundred feet, its breadth two hundred and seventy-six, and its height a little over a hundred. It has four inner courtyards and six hundred rooms, of which those shown to the public are daily filled by a throng of visitors. The finest among these show apartments are the Picture-Gallery; the White Hall, furnished entirely in marble at an expense of six hundred thousand dollars; the Rittersaal, containing statues of the Electors; and the Chapel, whose dome rises above the other roofs, giving variety to the outline of the great mass.

The existence of a palace on this spot dates to a grant made by the city of Berlin to the Elector Frederick I. This document was signed on St. John's day, 1442, and the Elector, at once improving the concession made him, had his castle finished and ready for occupancy in 1451. Of this fortress, for such it really was, some separate portions remain, incorporated in the present structure. In 1538 great alterations were made by Joachim II., the champion of the Reformation. An architect, Kaspar Theiss, whose name is yet renowned in Germany, tore down much of the early structure, and began the building of an edifice which may be properly called the first palace of Berlin. For fifty years this work went slowly on, under different architects, till the city of Berlin set fifteen masons at work upon it, and in 1595 it was completed. In 1604, further additions were made to the building, all of which are yet standing. In 1694, Frederick III. appointed Andreas Schlüter court-builder, and when in 1701 the Elector became King of Prussia, he carried on the enlargement of his palace with renewed enthusiasm. Finally, in the reign of Frederick William I., the work was completed, and the vast structure stood forth as now it stands, but with a single exception,—the new Chapel with its beautiful dome, added by Frederick William IV., the brother and immediate predecessor of the Emperor William.

In 1866 the present emperor, then King William I., gave orders for the erection of the building his brother had designed for the University, to be called the National Gallery, and consecrated to the exhibition of German art in all its forms. Ten years passed as the work went on, and on the 22d of March, 1876, the doors of this magnificent edifice were thrown open, and the German world was bidden to see that, amid all the din of arms and

THE PALACE IN BERLIN.



advancement of material interests which have characterized the decade just passed, the traditional love of art has burned with as ardent a flame as in any days of peace the nation had ever known.

The building itself, in all its parts, is a magnificent triumph of German art. Architecture, sculpture, and painting have vied with one another in bringing to it their most beautiful and precious gifts, "to prove," says Dr. Zehlicke, with a pride not unpardonable in such a case, "that the German people not merely win victory by the sword, but in the arts of peace have grown to be a match for any nation in the world."



GROTTO, SANS SOUCI.

From Berlin to Potsdam is a distance of about twenty miles, accomplished in three quarters of an hour by train, but a charming drive by the road, if one is not pressed for time. This road is one continuous avenue of trees, and has rather the air of a private approach to some stately château than of a public highway. The country, watered as it is by the Havel, abounds in the finest trees and most luxuriant shrubbery, and has afforded the landscape gardener points of picturesque beauty of which the utmost advantage has been taken.

The town of Potsdam is somewhat like a miniature Berlin. The streets

are broad and regular, and planted with ornamental trees, and it is rich in architectural decorations of the same general character as those of its more important neighbor. The great attraction of the town, however, is the Palace of Sans Souci, built in 1745-47, by Frederick the Great. The approach to the palace is by a broad avenue, through gardens laid out in the formal French style of Louis Quatorze, with alleys, clipped hedges, statues, fountains, and grottos, all kept in perfect order.



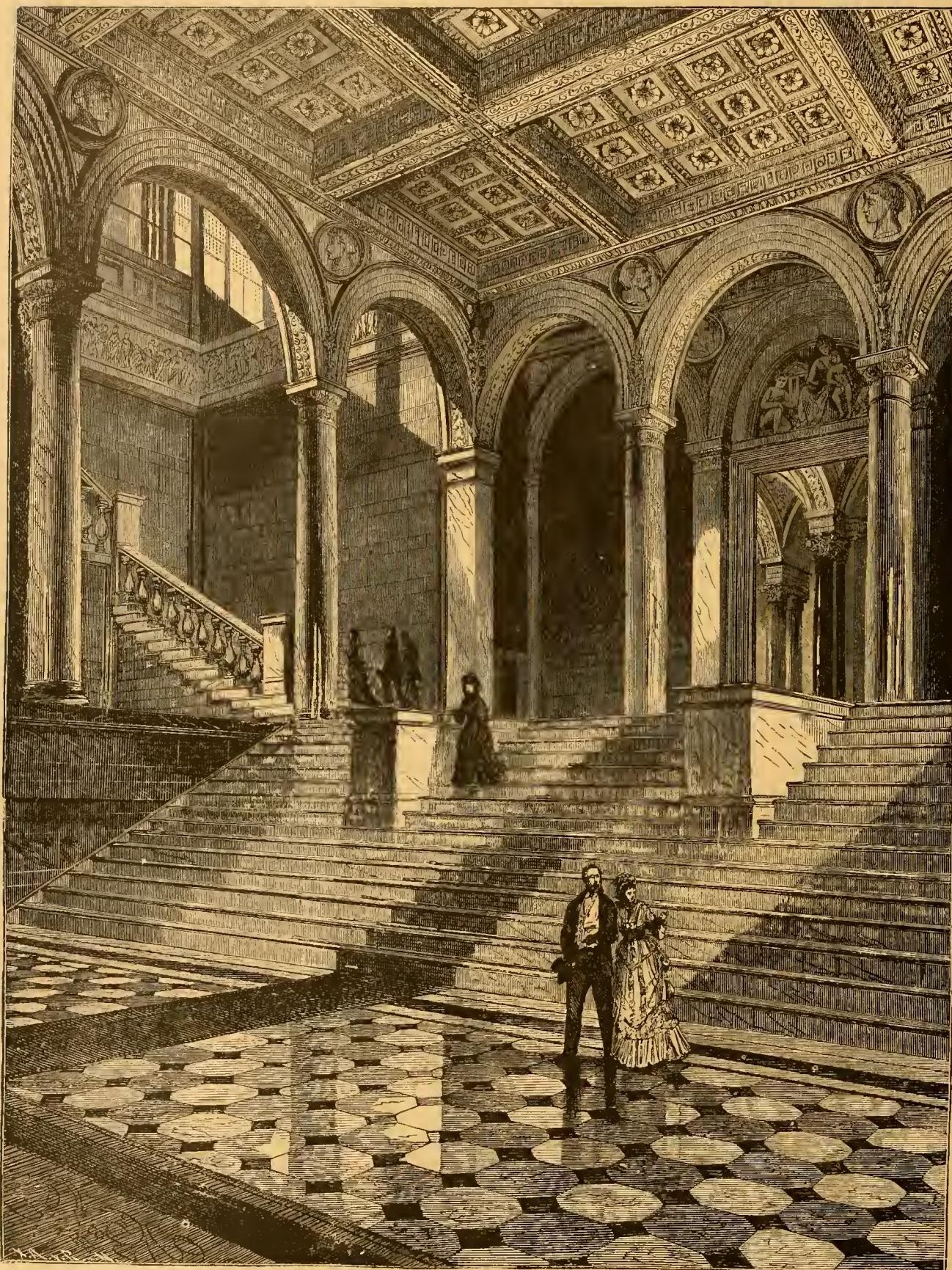
COLONNADE. SANS SOUCI.

The building itself (see page 109) stands at the top of a flight of terraces, so to speak; these terraces are fronted with glass, beneath which grow vines and olives and orange-trees, in the utmost luxuriance. The palace is quite devoid of architectural beauty, a long, low building containing but one suite of apartments; from the grotesque alto-relievos with which it is profusely ornamented, and the gold letters of "*Sans Souci*," which it bears on its façade, the French frippery of Frederick's taste may be clearly inferred. The front of the building is towards the east, and commands a view of many objects of interest. In the rear there is a semicircular colonnade, extremely interesting as being the place where the greatest monarch of his day was wont

SANS SOUCI



to pace to and fro for hours in the sunshine, when the failing health of his declining years incapacitated him for greater exertion.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The apartments of Sans Souci are by no means elegant; the pictures are rather ordinary, and the furniture poor. In the small library, consisting

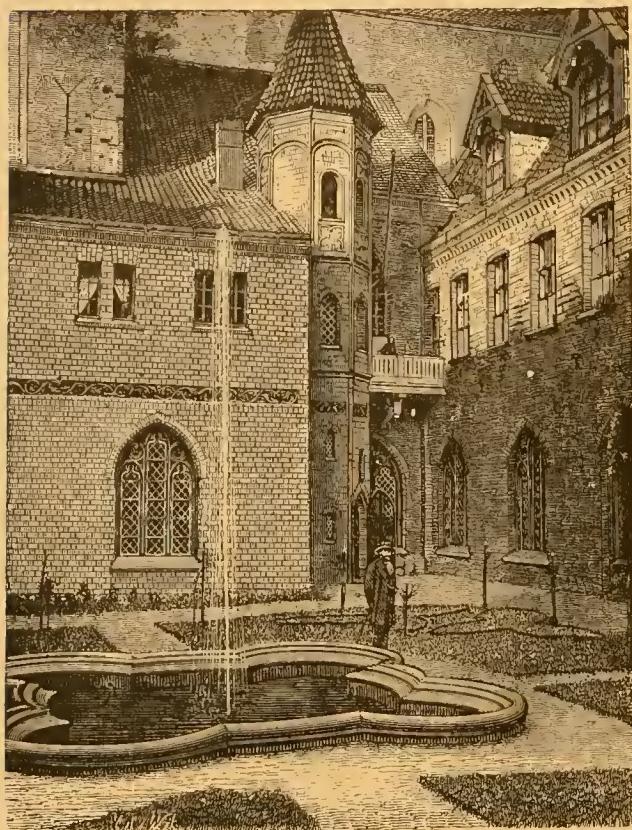
solely of French books, is still seen, just as the monarch left it, his writing-table and inkstand, and in the adjoining apartment the visitor is shown the spot where the arm-chair stood in which he died. In short, the memory of Frederick the Great lingers about and pervades his favorite home, as though it were but yesterday that he paced the terrace, "his head covered with his well-worn plumed hat, his figure wrapped in a cloak of sky-blue satin, much besprinkled with brown Spanish snuff, and his legs incased in a pair of huge jack-boots."

Verily it is with pleasure that we turn from the elegant modern aspect of Berlin and its suburbs to a city of the past, Dantzic, once a free city on Polish territory, at the time when the kingdom of Poland extended from Hungary on the south, all the way to the Baltic shores. Not to say that Dantzic is solely a city of the past, for, with its seventy thousand inhabitants, and its enormous trade in grain and in timber, it is a commercial power of importance of the present day. But it has still, in spite of its modern improvements, many relics of the earlier time, in the form of fine specimens of antique architecture, which the town takes pride in preserving, and restoring when they fall into decay.

The origin of the old city is veiled in the poetic darkness of tradition. The Edda narrates how, before the time of Christ, wandering colonies from the shores of the Black Sea made their way as far north as the amber-land, for so it was then known, from its earliest export, founding there a new Asgaárd, which had the name of Gidania, called, in Polish, Gdansk,—hence, later, Danske, and Dantzic.

Dantzic became what was called a "Free City," having its own laws, coining its own money,—stamped, it is true, with the head of the Polish king,—and being represented in Warsaw in the Assembly, and at the election of the kings. At times the city was mutinous, and would not agree in the election of some of the kings; but, on the whole, their relations with Poland were harmonious enough for them to feel bitterly, German by race though they were, the change when, in 1793, they became, on the dismemberment of Poland, a part of the German kingdom of Prussia. The new affiliations were, however, so really the natural and true ones, that, though the immediate subjects of the change took it ill, a generation later reconciled themselves to it completely, and the city of Dantzic is now one of the most loyal and enthusiastic in the new empire.

The Franciscan Cloister is one of the most ancient foundations in Dantzig.



NORTHEAST CORNER OF INNER COURTYARD.

It had fallen so much into decay, having been a hospital in war times, and having been much injured by a great fire in 1857, that, ten years since, the stranger, exploring this old North German city, would scarcely have deemed it worthy of his notice.

In the inner courtyard (here represented) a fountain sends up its sparkling jet, surrounded by flower-beds. In the northeast corner of this courtyard, a tower with antique winding stairs, and a balcony with a stone balustrade, built against the church, unite the dwelling-house and studio of the painter Sy, the curator of the Museum, with the main building.

Another fine old structure is the Hohe Thor, the city gate, opening into the fortress. It is of sandstone, built in 1588 and restored in 1861, as the inscription tells. Upon its richly ornamented front are three great armorial designs: that of Poland in the centre, those of Dantzig and West Prussia at the right and left. Passing under the lofty archway, we cross a little bridge over the moat, and so perceive ourselves to be in a stronghold, a wall on each side and a castle before us. The old maritime city is a fortress of the first rank; it has stood many a siege, but none more severe than those in the time of the Napoleonic wars.

Another point of interest is the Town House (see next page), with its fine tower like that of a church; and the Artushof, or Young Men's Hall, where the young patricians of Dantzig held many a merry revel in the fifteenth and



CITY GATE.

sixteenth centuries. In front of the Artushof sparkles and laughs the fountain as it did then, but there is now a Neptune with his trident, drawn by his sea-horses, which is of much later date than the building of which it is an ornament. Lamp-posts, too, the observer will detect, a contribution of the nineteenth century, far from unwelcome in the long, dark nights of a northern winter.

Lastly, we observe the old Arsenal, a peaceful-looking building, notwithstanding the statue of Minerva, and the numberless warlike emblems that adorn its facade. This building dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, to the brickwork of the main structure, adds sandstone for the setting of windows and doors, and for the abundant decoration of the entire front. Over its main entrance are the armorial bearings of the city: two white crosses, beneath a golden crown upon a red field, supported by two lions.

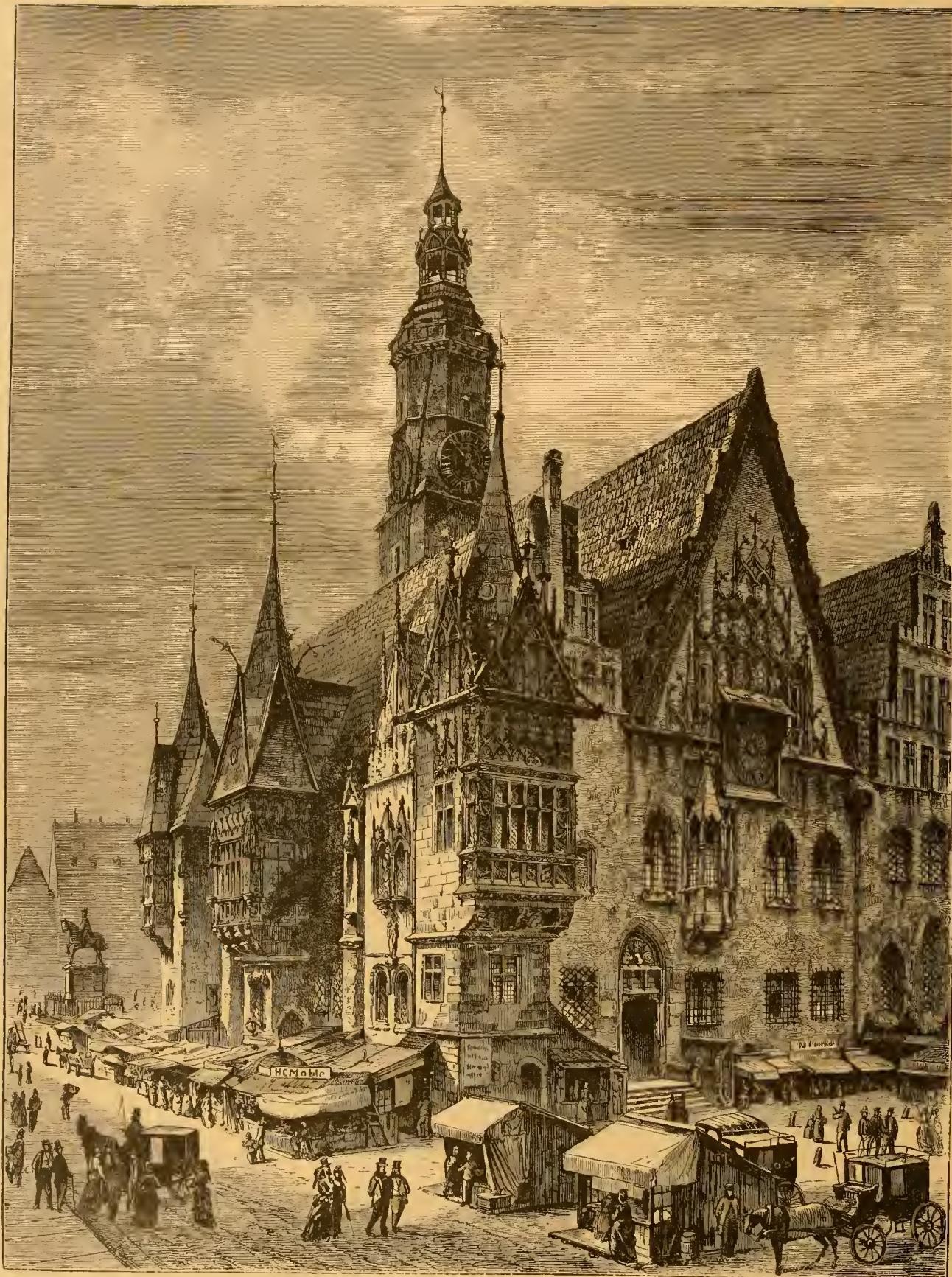
Another important town in the eastern part of the German empire is Breslau, the capital of Silesia, and the second city in Prussia in point of population. It is built on both banks of the Oder, which is crossed by an iron bridge. The old fortifications of the town, partially destroyed by the French in 1807, have since been completely levelled and converted into fine boulevards. There are several admirable old Gothic churches, but the most beautiful specimen of mediæval architecture is the Town House (page 114), founded by King John of Bohemia, the blind king who fought and fell at Agincourt; and showing, as it now stands, for the most part the Gothic of the fifteenth century.

Another Town Hall, that in Brieg (see page 115), is a real marvel of Gothic architecture, and the little town, otherwise most uninteresting, well repays a visit, by the sight of this picturesque old structure.

From Breslau across the Riesengebirge, the Giant Mountains, that are the boundary of Silesia, we make our way to Dresden. It is some hundred and fifty miles, more or less, a wild and picturesque road, abounding in mountain torrents and in dense forests. Here and there we catch a glimpse of



TOWN HALL, DANTZIC.



TOWN HALL. BRESLAU.

some pilgrimage church buried deep in the woods, or on the summit of some hill, and leading up to it a road marked with crosses and life-size figures

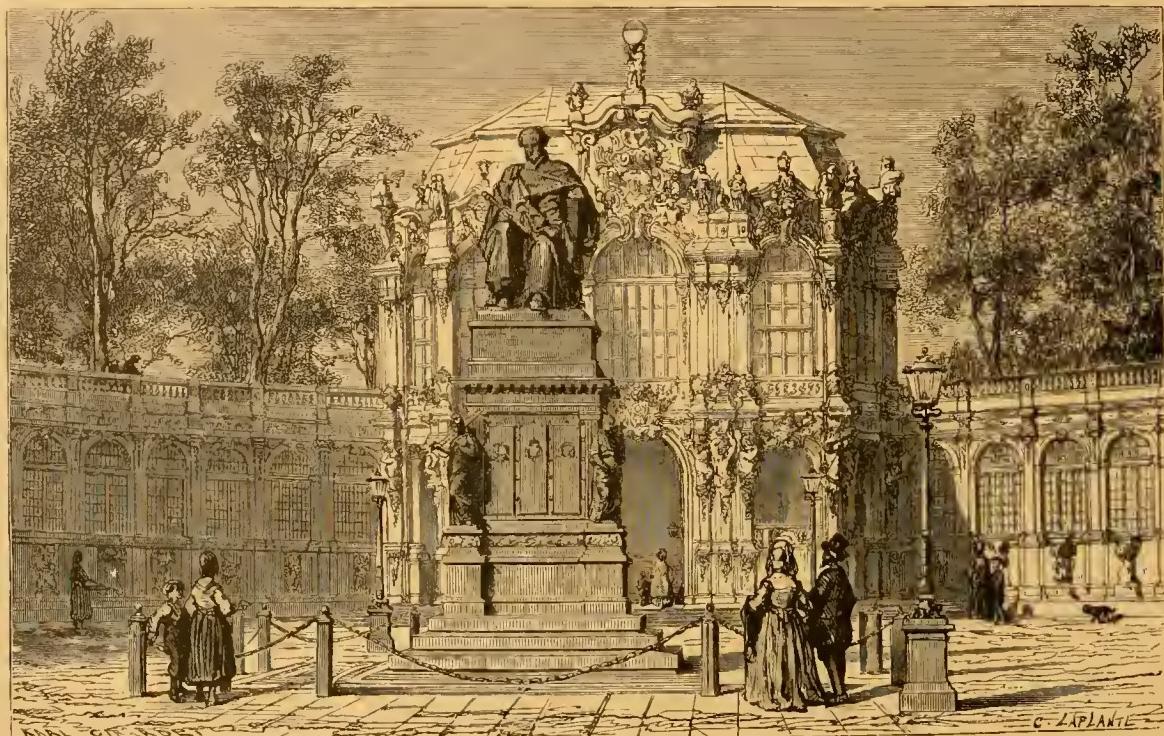


TOWN HALL. BRIEG.

representing the crucifixion (page 117). Leaving the mountains behind us we rapidly traverse the fertile Saxon country, and soon see, rising in the level

distance, the towers and roofs which indicate Dresden, "the Florence of the North."

In this city there is so much to see that the traveller will gladly linger there for weeks. With the space at our command we can give the reader but a couple of pages, and with the Zwinger we believe that we present the most characteristic illustration of the Saxon city: it represents a specimen of



THE ZWINGER. DRESDEN.

eighteenth-century magnificence which was borrowed from France, and was nowhere more the fashion than in the capital of Saxony.

The Zwinger was an extravaganza devised by Augustus the Strong, that unfortunate Elector whom Frederick the Great brought to such woe and humiliation. In his prosperous days he did, like Kubla Khan,

“A stately pleasure-house decree,”

but got no further with it than this Zwinger, which is really nothing more than the fore-court and entrance to the proposed palace. In the centre stands a bronze statue of Frederick Augustus the Just, who was much more worthy to be remembered than the real designer of the edifice. Within, the Zwinger contains Museums of Antiquities and of Natural History, and so is put to better use, perhaps, than if the great palace had risen up behind it.

The Old Bridge is the finest stone bridge in Europe, perhaps; but we have not space to give an illustration of it. It is like a wide, paved street,



FOREST ROAD IN THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

with a raised sidewalk and an open stone railing on both sides. When the river is low the great bases of the piers are in sight as one leans over the



GRAND DUCAL CASTLE. SCHWERIN.

bridge and looks down. They broaden like a flight of steps, till it seems as if they must meet and make a solid floor resting on the river's bed.

Before leaving that portion of the German empire which lies east of the Elbe, we must glance at Schwerin, the capital of Mecklenburg, which contains in its Grand-Ducal Palace (see page 118) one of the most beautiful and imposing structures of the modern German school of architecture. There, upon an island, at the point of contact of two lakes, stands the many-towered, complex structure, aspiring towards heaven, in countless gables and little spires and turrets, crowned by the gilded cupola whose summit is two hundred feet from the ground. Its façade is adorned with numerous statues and inscriptions, chief among them the colossal equestrian statue of the Slavic prince, Niklot.

The palace is so admirably brought before the eye, in the illustration, that in the room of further description we will say a word of its history; for, all modern as it stands before us, in its first beginnings the Grand-Ducal Palace is more than a thousand years old. And the place where it stands is memorable in the history of the north, and of the civilization of all Germany, since here the strife raged hottest between the old heathen Wendish races and the German Saxons; here, finally, the Teutonic sword and the cross of the true faith were victorious over the heathen Slavs, and a state was founded destined to endure, vital with German civilization.

Here stood the ancient Slavic stronghold, in which Niklot, the last prince of the Obotrites, had his abode. Against him came out Henry the Lion; and, in terror of the event, Niklot set fire to all his fortresses, Schwerin included. Then, with a few faithful followers, he faced the enemy, and met an heroic death in the field. With him ended the Wendish rule, and Schwerin became a German state. This happened in 1160.

Lastly, Hamburg, the great commercial metropolis of the empire, with a population in 1860 of 230,000, of whom about ten thousand are Jews. This part of the population were formerly under various civil and other disabilities, and gathered in their own quarter; but in 1849 they were emancipated by legal act, and at the present time residences of wealthy Jews abound in the most fashionable quarter of the town.

The city stands on the eastern bank of the Elbe, and its broad expanse opposite the city forms the harbor, where vessels can load and unload in perfect security.

In the new quarters of Hamburg the houses are like palaces; all is neat, orderly, salubrious, full of light and air, and resembles Paris or London. "Leaving the new quarter," says Théophile Gautier, "I penetrated by degrees

into the chaos of the old streets, and soon I had before my eyes a characteristic

and picturesque Hamburg, a genuine old city with a mediæval stamp that would rejoice the heart of an antiquary.

"Houses, with denticulated gables, or gables curved in volutes, throw out successive overhanging stories, each composed of a row of windows, or, more properly, one wide window divided into sections by carved mullions. Beneath each house is excavated a cellar, a subterranean recess, which the steps leading to the main entrance bestride like a drawbridge. Wood, brick, stone, and slate, mingled in a way to enrapture a painter's eye, cover what little space is left on the outside of the house between the windows. All this is surmounted by a roof of red or violet tiles, or of tarred plank, interrupted by apertures



JEWS' STREET. HAMBURG.

to give light to the attics, and pitched at an extremely steep angle. These roofs have a fine effect against the background of a northern sky; the rain runs off them in torrents; the snow slips from them; they suit the climate, and need no sweeping in winter.

"Walking along, still at random, I came to the maritime part of the city, where canals take the place of streets. At the moment it was low water, and vessels lay aground in the mud, careening over and showing their hulls in a way to delight a water-color painter. Soon the tide came up, and set everything in motion. I would suggest Hamburg to artists following in the track of Guardi or Canaletto; they will find here, at every step, new themes as picturesque as those they seek in Venice.

Among the oldest of German cities is Magdeburg, the capital of the Prussian province of Saxony, a city which has had the privileges of municipal existence ever since Charlemagne. Luckless Magdeburg! so strong a fortress that



CLOISTER OF CATHEDRAL, HALBERSTADT.

the black storm-cloud of war has ever gathered thickest around it. No siege is so memorable as that in 1631, when, after two years' beleaguerment, the fierce Tilly carried it by assault, and massacred men, women, and children, then burned nearly every house within the walls.

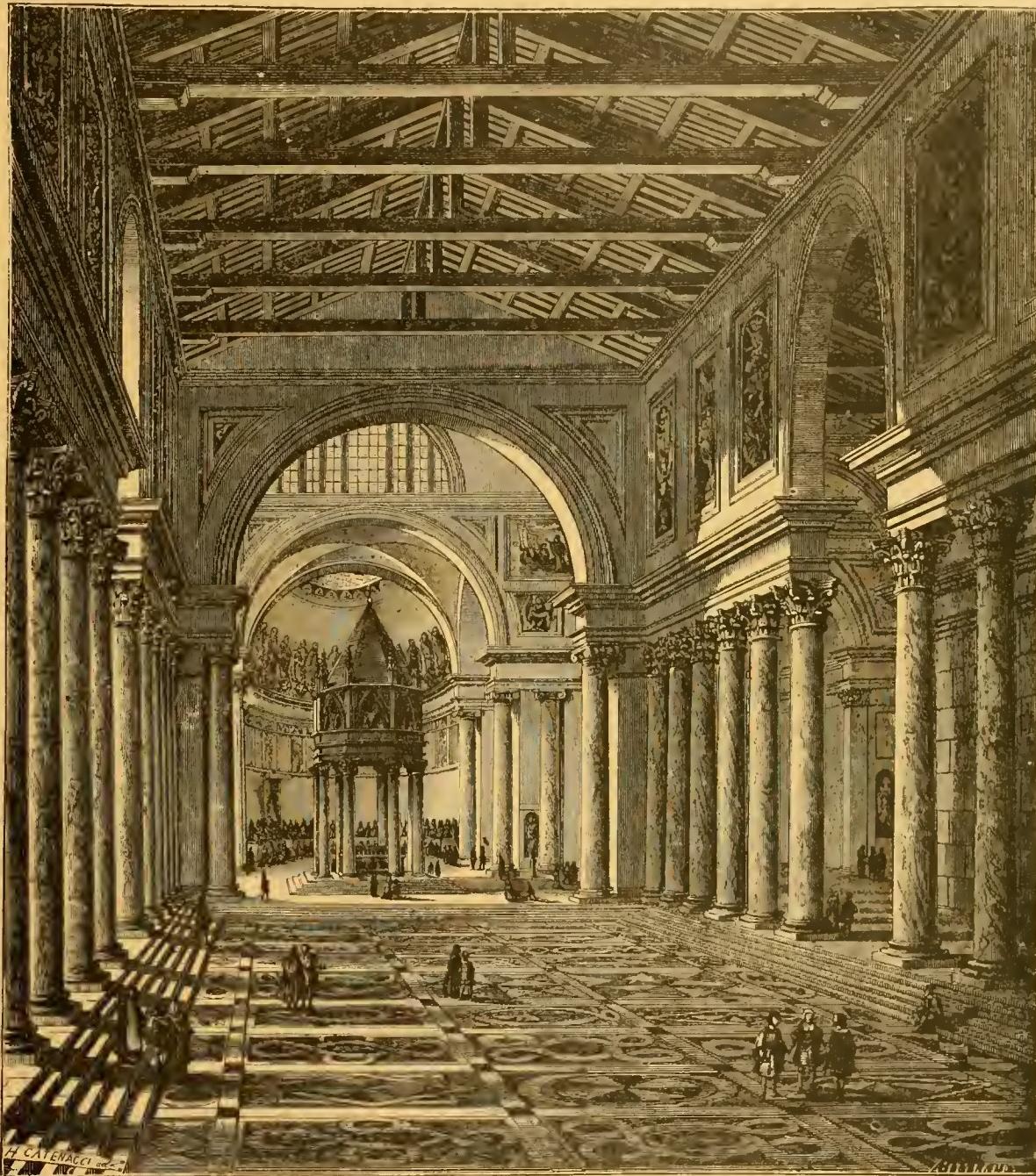
R O M E.



OME is the repository of all that is grand in antiquity, beautiful in art, and rich in historical lore. To one who bears within his heart the love of the beautiful, or venerates the glory of the past, the Eternal City offers a never-ending source of pleasure, of research, and of information.

An immense gulf of time intervenes between that era when Romulus gathered around him the restless spirits of ancient Italy, and formed the nucleus of a community whose fame and renown were to fill the pages of the history of the world for twenty centuries, and the Rome of to-day. One by one the nations of the earth submitted to the arms of Rome. In the words of Niebuhr, "As the streams lose themselves in the mighty ocean, so the history of the peoples once distributed along the Mediterranean shore is absorbed in that of the mighty mistress of the world." One by one the customs of the conquered nations were adopted by the Romans. One nation after another sought alliance with them, until the infant kingdom, in the course of time, held undisputed mastery over the whole world. Still, amidst the magnificence and luxury of imperial rule, the decay of the empire began to be visible; the stern virtues of ancient Rome gave place to a sensual luxury that debased the mind. Amidst magnificence which might have begot undying love of country and patriotic zeal in its defence, amidst all that art and literature gave forth to adorn and beautify, to elevate and refine, there sprang up the antagonistic powers of luxury and indolence, which were ultimately to overthrow the proud city, and plunge her into the depths of national decay. For a time she feebly opposed the incursions of the barbarian hosts who hovered over the confines of her empire; but the Vandals, the Huns,

and the Visigoths, frugal and brave, detached, one by one, the fairest provinces of the empire, and, finally, with one fell swoop crossed the Italian plains, and like an avalanche fell upon the gates of the city itself. Time passed on; Rome arose again from her ruins, and preserved a name amongst the nations;



ANCIENT CONSTANTINIAN BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S.

but she could no longer lay claim to her former title of "Mistress of the World." Fallen though the imperial city was, it is a singular fact that she gave to her conquerors language and laws, and her tongue was made the basis of a common language.

St. Peter's, as it looms up against the horizon, is the very embodiment

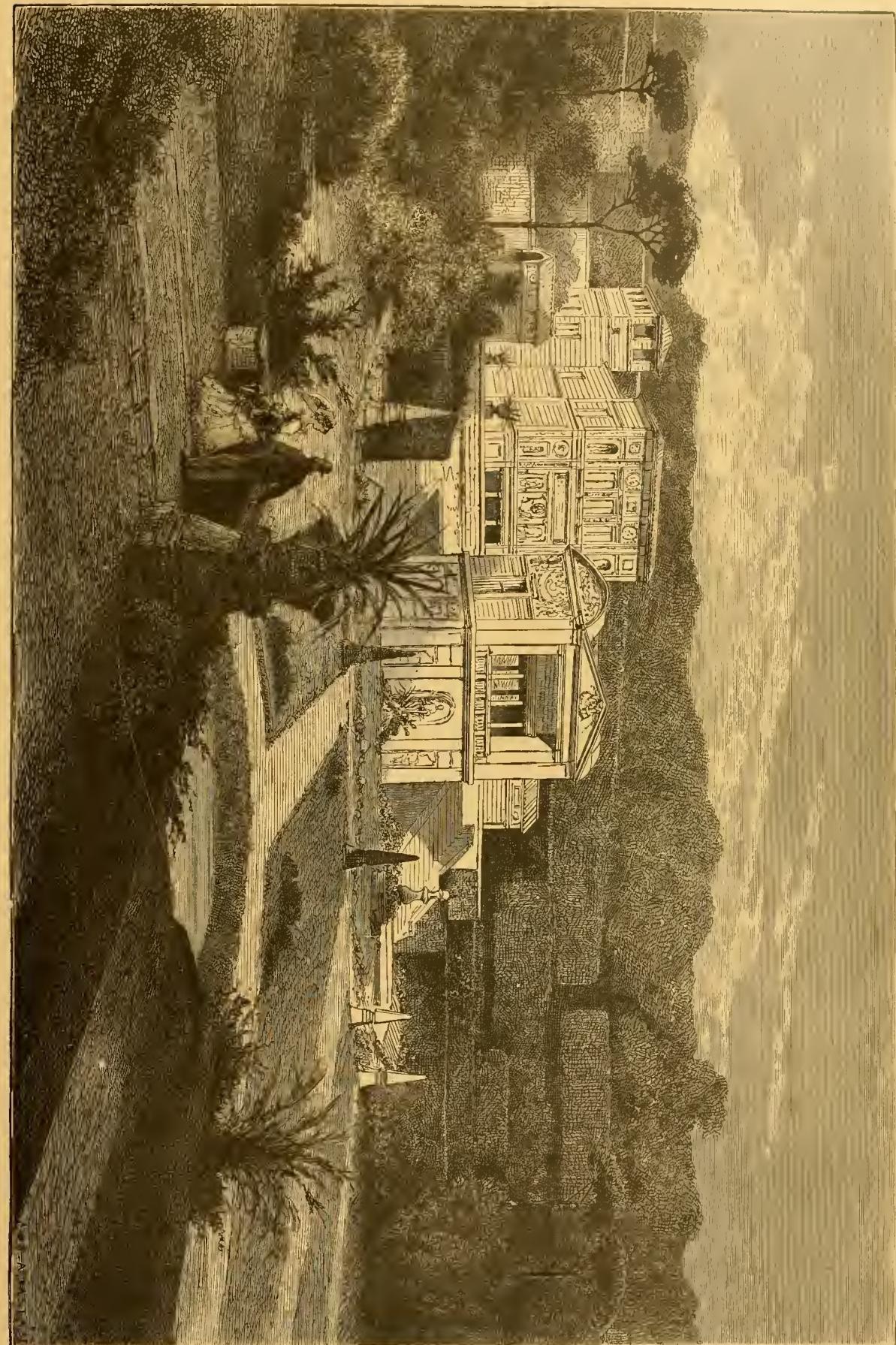
of grandeur and sublimity; a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters forms the front. Above this rises an attic, on which are the statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles: over and above all rises the magnificent Dome, which constitutes the chief charm of the picture.

“Lo! the Dome—the vast and wondrous Dome,
To which Diana’s marvel was a cell!”

The ascent to the roof of St. Peter’s is by a well-lighted staircase. When the spectator reaches the platform, he is astonished at the number of cupolas, domes, and pinnacles that rise around him, and the galleries that spread on all sides, and the many apartments and staircases that appear in every quarter. It is here only that the dimensions of the dome can be felt in all their force. The vast platform of stone on which it reposes as on a solid rock, the lofty colonnade that rises on this platform, and by its resistance counteracts, as a continued buttress, the horizontal pressure of the dome,—all of stone of such prodigious swell and circumference,—the lantern, which, like a lofty temple, sits on its towering summit; these are objects which must excite the astonishment of every beholder.

The ancient Constantinian basilica of St. Peter’s, or the Church of St. Peter’s that existed at the time of Constantine, in 326, has fortunately been preserved to us by a fresco now extant in the Church of San Martino di Monti. This ancient painting, with the assistance of some engravings by Falda, now extremely rare, enables us to reproduce this old basilica erected by Constantine in token of the wonderful appearance of the angel and the cross to him. The five aisles of the basilica were separated by Corinthian columns, which were higher by six steps than the main floor,—an arrangement almost unprecedented in architecture. By the engravings of Falda we are able to describe the exterior, and thus from the frescos and the engravings we are enabled to see exactly how this early Christian church was built.

Few travellers visit the Gardens of the Vatican,—the Pope’s Garden. One is so filled with ancient art that it seems almost a waste of time to spend the hours in wandering amidst nicely trimmed shrubbery or festoons of verdure. But when fatigued with sight-seeing, it is refreshing to leave galleries filled with paintings and statuary, to turn aside from the ancient inscriptions and antique busts, and pass an hour in the quiet Italian gardens, to sit beneath the overarching trees, and enjoy the poetry of solitude. The



GARDEN OF THE VATICAN.

Garden of the Vatican must be a place of comfort to the Pope. The enclosure is divided and subdivided by squares and fanciful figures, filled with choice

and aromatic flowers; the sides are enclosed with hedges of orange-trees, and fountains are continually cooling the atmosphere; numerous avenues cross and recross each other, and here is the only place where the Pope can ride on horseback, the etiquette of Rome not permitting him to ride outside his own grounds.

During the sixteenth century, in the pontificate of Leo X., these gardens resounded with the good cheer of that witty and pleasure-loving Pope; and here, enlivened by the charms of female society, poets rehearsed their finest verses, and authors read their choicest productions. But a change was instituted in church polity, and the popes of later days have not invited ladies to join them in their festivities in this beautiful retreat.

The Sistine Chapel, so called in honor of Sixtus IV., aside from its beautifully decorated marble screens, is rendered famous by the decoration of its ceiling. This ceiling is said to be the most magnificent example of pictorial art ever produced. It was painted by Michael Angelo, between the years 1508 and 1511, and contains the most perfect work done by that artist in his long and active life.

The prophets and sibyls, in the triangular compartments of the curved portion of the ceiling, are the largest figures in the whole work. These are the most wonderful forms that modern art has called into life. They are all represented seated, employed with books or rolled manuscripts; genii stand near or behind them. These mighty beings sit before us, pensive, meditative, inquiring, or looking upwards with inspired countenances. Their forms and movements, indicated by the grand lines and masses of the drapery, are majestic and dignified.

The Erythræan Sibyl, of which we present a picture, is "full of power, like the warrior goddess of Wisdom." Lady Eastlake calls her "a grand bare-headed creature;" and a truthful and realistic description it is. The belief that the sibyl foretold the coming of the Saviour is best shown by the well-known hymn, beginning,—

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæculum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla."

The most massive, and consequently the most imposing of all the edifices of ancient Rome, is the Coliseum. It is pre-eminently the building of all others which is the most intimately connected with our past thoughts. This



ERYTHRÆAN SIBYL, SISTINE CHAPEL.

vast amphitheatre was begun by the Emperor Flavius Vespasian, upon the site of Stagnum Neronis, and was finished by his son Titus, who dedicated it in the year 80. It is built in the form of an ellipse, and is nearly one third of a mile in circumference. Tier after tier of seats rise above the arena, affording in its palmy days room for eighty-seven thousand spectators. Around the arena a wall, adorned with rich carvings and incrusted with costly marbles, served to protect the pleasure-seekers from the savage beasts, which,



THE ARENA OF THE COLISEUM.

except in combat, were confined in underground dungeons beneath. From these elevated seats the emperors eagerly watched the conflicts between wild beasts, the martyrdom of the early Christians, and the combats of gladiators. What horrible memories cling around this spot! Here, by command of Hadrian, the patrician Placidus, his wife, and two sons, were exposed to wild beasts, and when they refused to tear them to pieces, the terrified family were enclosed in a brazen bull, and roasted to death; sometimes the martyrs were despatched by the swords of gladiators, or burned at the stake. On the spot where the Christians were martyred has been erected a cross, and once a week religious

services are now held on the ground hallowed by the blood of the early martyrs; around the arena are also seen the stations used in the ceremonials of the Church of Rome.

Beneath the floor of the arena, which was supported by walls, were the cells in which the wild beasts, and possibly the early Christian martyrs, were confined. The place is full of historic meaning; it is pregnant with the deeds



CELLS UNDER THE COLISEUM.

of the world's mightiest conquerors. Here the shouts of lordly triumph once mingled with the screams of the dying; the memory of the gorgeous pageants which have taken place here cannot be eradicated from our minds; and the Christian can never visit this, the most imposing ruin in the world, without

a heavy feeling in his heart for the good, the beautiful, and the holy, who here offered up their lives a willing sacrifice for the faith they bore.

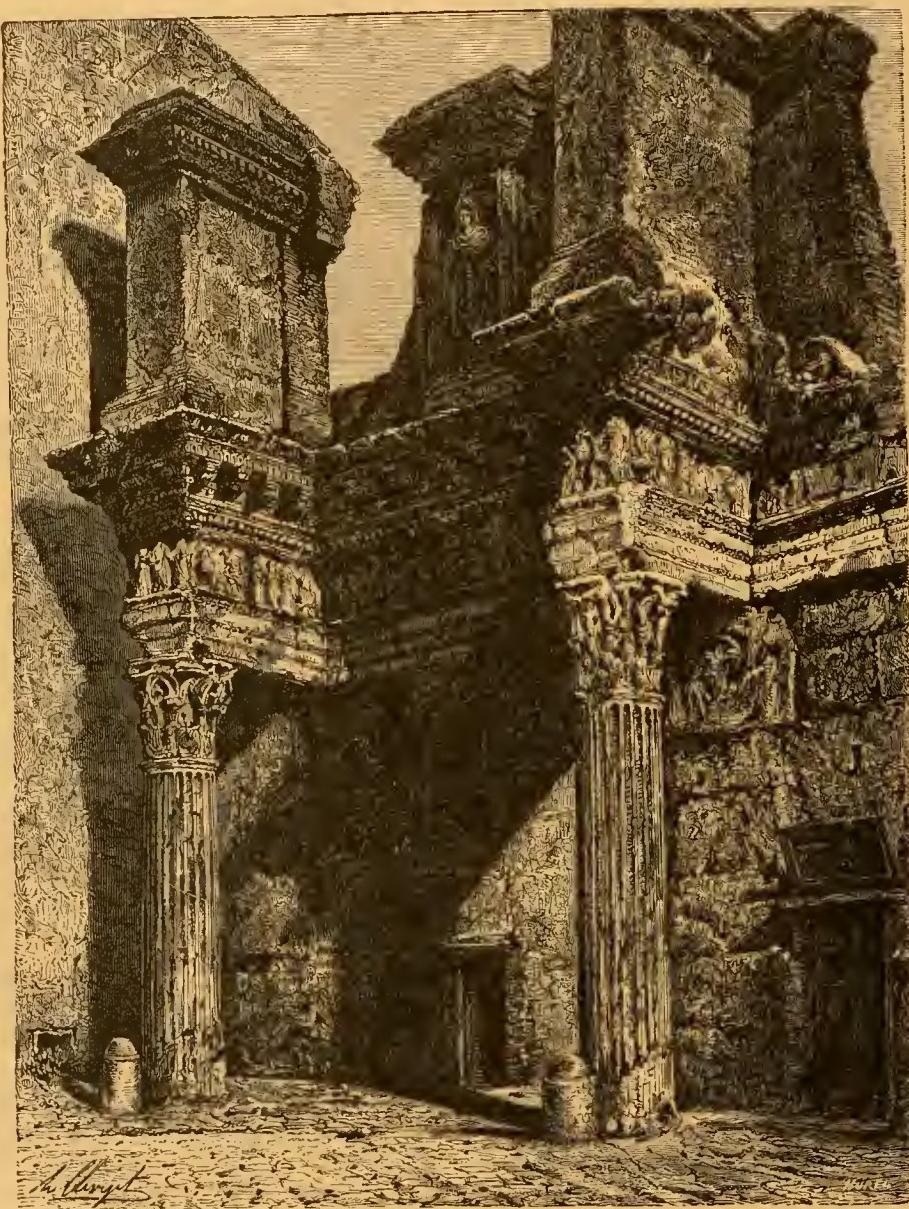
Famous among the mouldering monuments of ancient Rome that have attracted the attention of the traveller and the antiquary through all generations, stands the Arch of Septimius Severus. It stands in the northwest corner of that repository of all that is magnificent and grand in art and architecture, the Roman Forum (see page 136). It at once attracts the eye by the beauty of its design and the symmetry of its proportions. Erected A. D. 203, to commemorate the victories achieved by Septimius Severus over the Arabians, Parthians, and Adiabeni, it originally bore upon its summit, as the ancient coins inform us, the figure of the emperor, crowned with victory, seated in a bronze chariot drawn by six horses. The bas-reliefs upon the side represent scenes connected with the various conquests which the arch perpetuates.

For many years this arch was imbedded in rubbish, and partially covered by the débris of ages; but in 1803, by the order of Pius VII., it was disinterred, and now remains plainly visible, although several feet below the modern street.

Among the most notable of the Roman fountains ranks the Fountain of Trevi. The effect of this fountain is somewhat diminished by its situation. It is so surrounded by narrow streets that the grandeur of its proportions is lost. When once in front of it the stranger gazes upon what at first appears a palace, in the centre of which, his feet resting upon a shell, stands Neptune, while, on either side, Health and Fertility stand in opposing niches: beneath all is a large stone basin, into which the water rushes with a pleasing murmur. The chaste bas-reliefs represent the discovery of the Aqua Vergina. We see depicted the young virgin pointing out to the soldiers of Agrippa a spring of refreshing water. The water of Trevi, as it rushes with force over a mixture of rockwork and ancient sculpture, seems hardly the same limpid stream, which, starting at the Terre Solona, runs for seven or eight miles under ground, and furnishes the supply to some dozen fountains; but here, broken and scattered, it flashes in the sunlight, and renders cool and delicious the surrounding atmosphere.

When the visitor at Rome stands for the first time in the ancient forum, now called the Campo Vaccino, a thousand memories of the dead past oppress him, and in silent wonder he gazes upon the magnificent ruins which surround

him, emblems of all that was once grand in art and architecture. The remains of temples, arches, columns, basilicas, and churches rise before him, crumbled by the all-devouring hand of Time. The forms of St. Paul and of Cicero have rendered sacred the ground on which the pilgrim gazes, and the very stones before him have been worn by pious and holy men.



TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

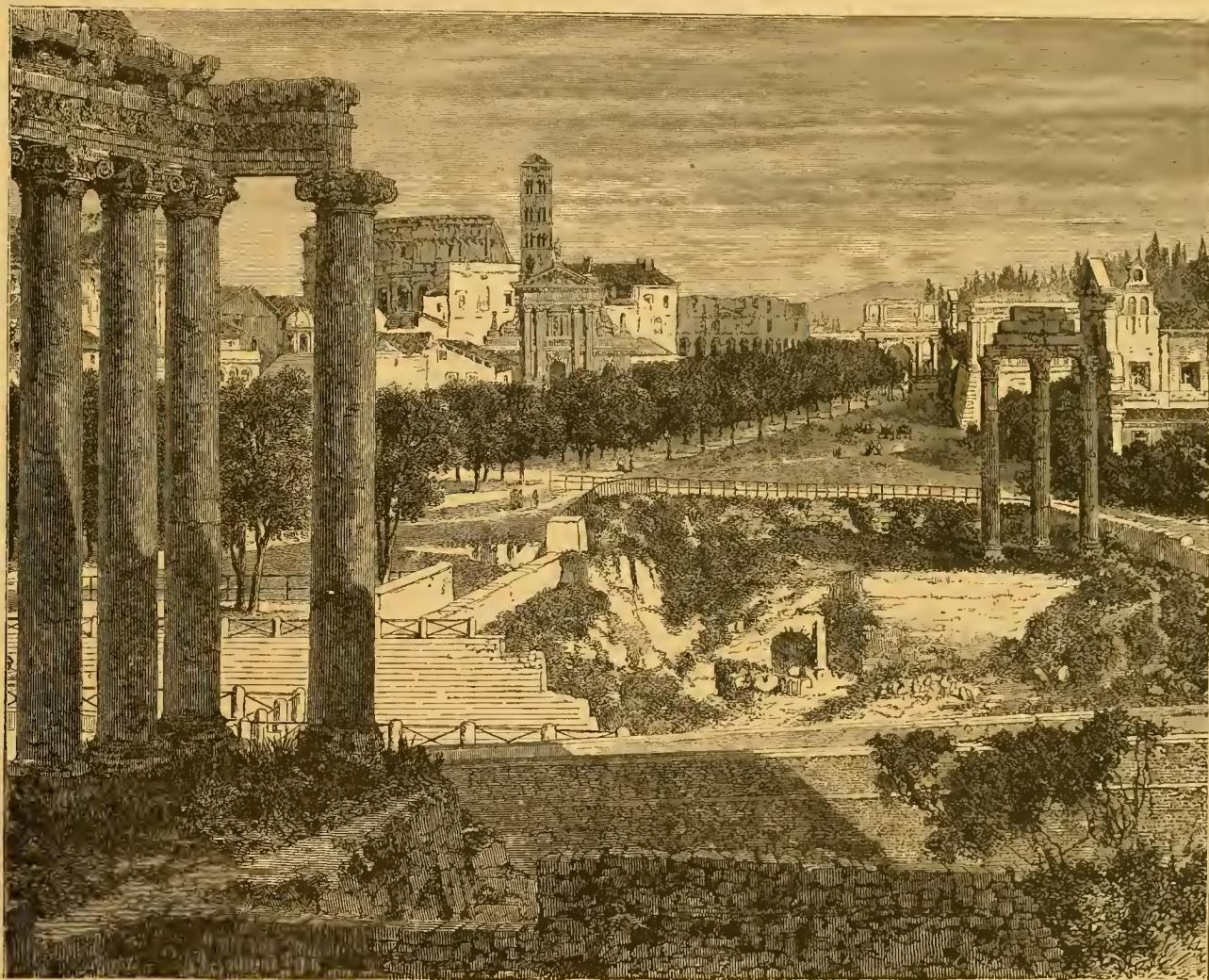
We will not attempt to delineate the past glories of the Roman Forum, but, throwing aside the feelings and sentiments of the past, endeavor to see it as it is in the nineteenth century. One by one, through the exertions of antiquaries and the liberality of governments, the monuments of ancient days have been uncovered, and stand boldly revealed to us of to-day.

From the Capitol we obtain the most comprehensive view of the Forum.

It is of an irregular quadrilateral form, and occupies the ground between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills. On the immediate foreground the pillars of the Temple of Saturn, sometimes called the Temple of Concord, appear; between its columns of granite we catch a glimpse of the column of the Emperor Phocas, called by Byron, before excavations had revealed its inscription,—

“The nameless column with a buried base.”

To the right we see the ruins of Cæsar's Palace,—a vast mound of red bricks, crowned with trees, and high in air rises the elegant Campanile of Santa Francesca.

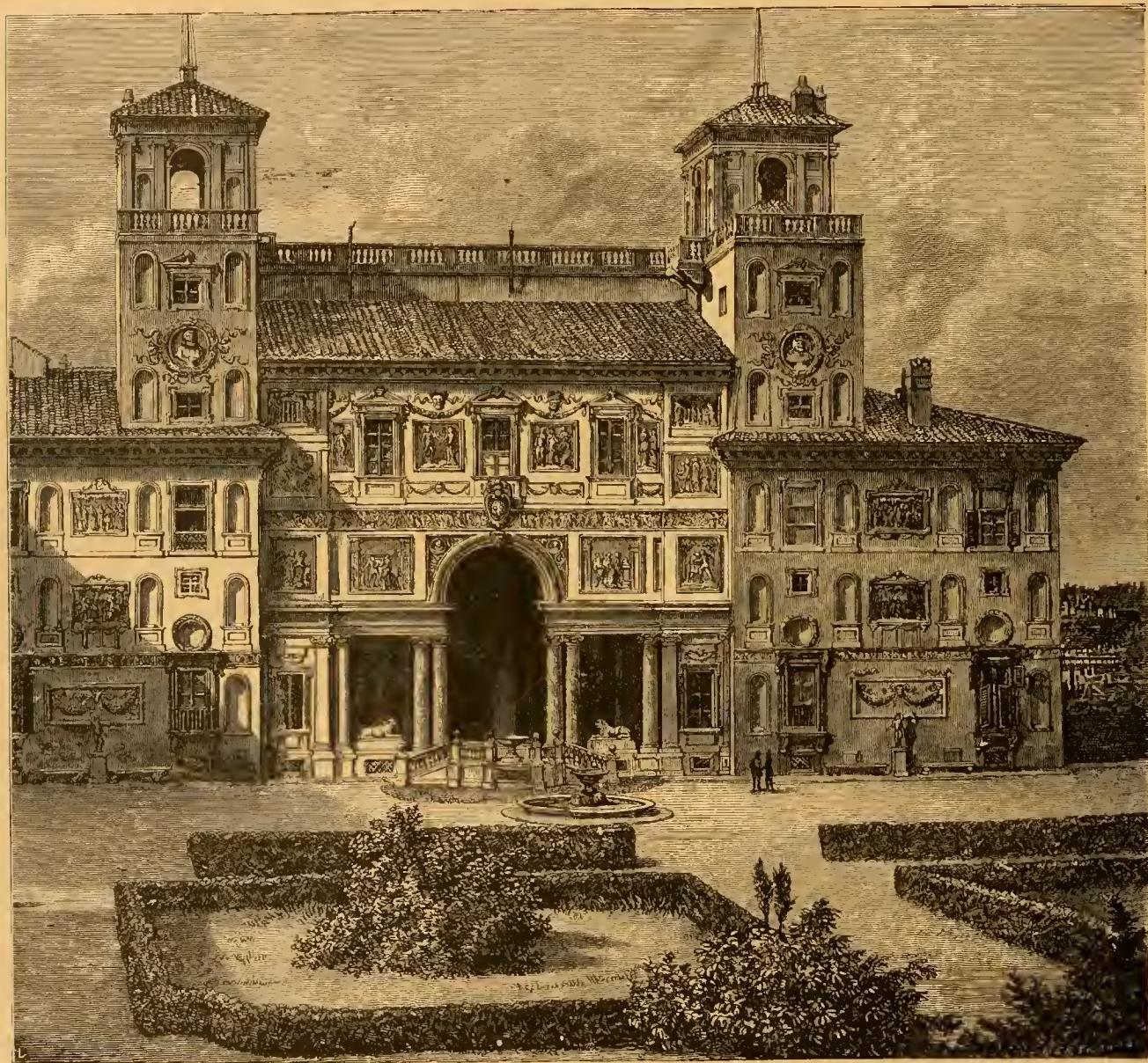


CAMPO VACCINO, OR ROMAN FORUM.

In the distance, the circular and familiar walls of the Coliseum rise; high on the right its massive walls appear gilded with sunshine, while above the trees of the modern street the dismantled walls of the southerly side are seen. To the right of the Coliseum the Arch of Titus crowns the road, and at the extreme right of the picture we see the three columns which once belonged

to the Temple of Castor and Pollux, said to be unsurpassed as specimens of Corinthian architecture. Beyond are the ruins of ancient temples, mingled with modern churches, while the open space in front is occupied by the disinterred remains of the Basilica Julia.

The illustration on page 134 represents the Temple, or, properly speaking, the Portico of the Temple, dedicated to Minerva. It is one of the most



VILLA MEDICI, GARDEN FRONT.

beautiful of the monuments of Rome; it is, however, merely a fragment, the temple to which it was a portico having long since gone to decay, or been used in the construction of the modern edifices by the Roman Popes. This portico is supported in front by two exquisite Corinthian columns, half buried in the débris of the Eternal City.

The various baths of Rome, the remains of which lie scattered throughout the city, show to what an enormous extent the pursuit of pleasure was carried. The luxurious Roman of a former day could here find baths tempered exactly to his wish, in magnificent halls, warmed at different temperatures; he could recline on luxurious couches, surrounded by his friends, and waited upon by slaves. Scent shops were there, where the newest perfume and the best oil could be obtained. At stated seasons theatrical performances were given, races were run, stalls and kitchens were erected, where the palate of the most dainty Roman could be satisfied. The artist might rove at will through vast galleries filled with the paintings of the first artists, or cumbered with ancient statues. However varying the taste of the frequenter, somewhere in these vast *thermæ* he could find that which ministered to pleasure, either of mind or body.

But among all the baths of ancient Rome the Baths of Caracalla stand pre-eminent. They are the most perfect in their preservation, the most magnificent in their ruin. Resting on a level plain between the northeastern slope of the Aventine and the Appian Way, the Baths of Caracalla occupy a space nearly a mile in circumference. The baths themselves were nearly in the centre of the enclosure, and were surrounded by porticos, gardens, and an artificial lake, formed by the waters of the Antonine Aqueduct, brought hither by Claudius, over the Arch of Drusus, and the ruins of which may still be seen crossing the Campagna. It is said that sixteen hundred bathers could be accommodated at one time in these extensive baths. The floors and ceilings were inlaid with costly marbles, in various colors, and to-day the visitor treads upon mosaic work of intricate and varied designs. Many fine statues have been found in these ruins; among the most celebrated are the Farnese Hercules, the Two Gladiators, the Flora, and the Toro Farnese, which is so conspicuous an object of interest at the Museum in Naples: others of less fame have been discovered, and the person in charge showed the writer several bass-reliefs, fragments of ancient sculpture, cameos, and intaglios.

The most magnificent of all the halls of the baths is that portion known as the Calidarium. During the sixth century, when these ruins are supposed to have still retained their original splendor, this hall was surrounded by stately columns of gray granite. One by one these columns have been removed, and in the sixteenth century Cosmo di Medici trans-

ported the last one to Florence, to support the statue of Justice in the Piazza di Sta. Trinita.

But now all this glory has disappeared: the mosaics have fallen from the roof, the delicate frescos have been obliterated by the ruthless hand of Time. Winter snows and summer suns have crumbled the works of sculptors, artists, and masons, and to-day flowers and vines cluster around these relics of the past. Shafts of columns lie half buried in rubbish, and the rank grass grows from the high arches, beneath whose cooling shade the denizens of ancient Rome, plebeians and patricians, loitered away their days, or in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality spent the long hours of the night.

The Palatine! The very name brings up a host of images of the past. We recall the days when we went to school, and read the story of Romulus, marking out, by a furrow drawn around this hill, the site of his city. We recall the great names who have lived upon the Palatine,—Cicero, Catiline, Marc Antony, and Augustus, the mother of the Gracchi and her jewels. We call to mind the magnificent mansions that were here erected by the highest nobility of ancient Rome. The Palace of the Cæsars, the temples of the gods, all seem to rise before us.

Here were erected the palaces of the aristocracy, decorated with the most brilliant frescos, and adorned with statues that might have rivalled those of Praxiteles. The floors of the palaces were inlaid with marble, and pillars of the same, delicately colored, supported the roof; gems and precious stones were lavished in the ornamentation of the halls and chambers, and all the wealth that foreign lands could bestow was poured into the lap of the Roman nobility. But, far outshining the residences of private men, there rose upon this hill a gorgeous succession of imperial palaces. Here resided in succession Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius; and around these costly dwellings rose successively temples dedicated to the gods and to distinguished men. But in course of time Constantine carried away much of the accumulated treasure of the city to enrich his new city, Constantinople; the towers and the inscriptions over the gates were torn down, and their bronze portals transported afar in the plunder train; and what the Goths and Vandals did not destroy, has crumbled beneath the hand of Time, and now all that was once so grand and magnificent lies covered with the dust of a thousand years!

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